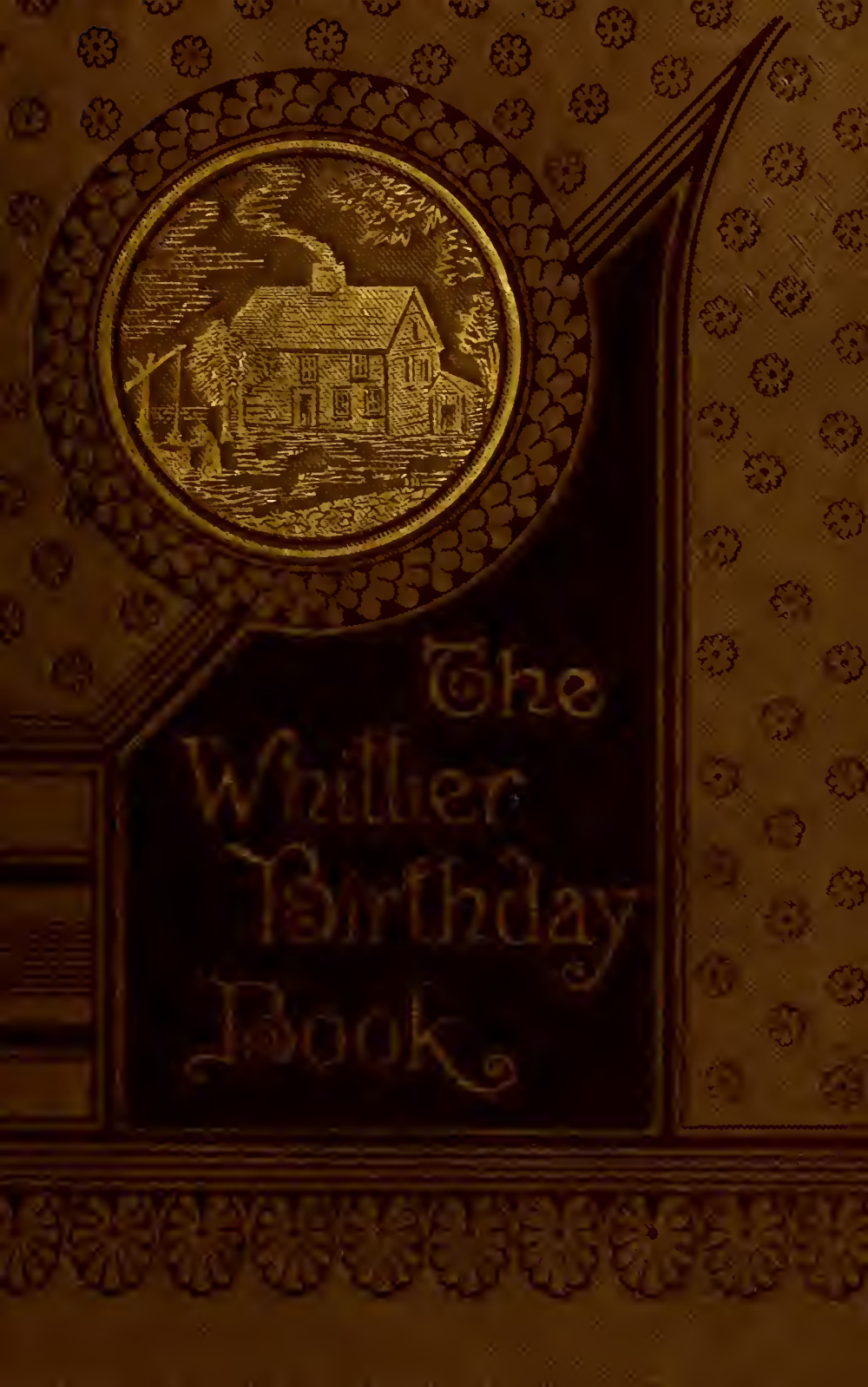
The
Whittier
Birthday
Book

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE

Whittier Birthday-Book.

ARRANGED BY

ELIZABETH S. OWEN.

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

My Triumph.

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PREFACE.

In making these selections for a birthday book, it has been my aim to use the material in such a way as would be approved by the author; and I have made a special effort to obtain the birthdays of those persons to whom lines have been addressed.

Not forgetting that this poet, so dear to the people, has drawn around him

"The battered mail of Freedom's cause,"

I have remembered the names of Quincy, Palfrey, Sewall, May, Arago, Monod, and others, — friends of humanity.

Nor have I failed to include, as seemed fitting, some prominent Quakers: as Gurney, Fry, Grimké, Mott, Barton, and Benezet.

Many interesting and valuable names have been omitted, either from want of space or because the corresponding birth-days could not readily be found.

I offer no apology for giving many names of not world-wide renown, but which, if examples of moral heroism and absolute self-sacrifice are worth anything to the children of to-day, might well be household words, — reminding us all that

"A harder path in earlier days
Led up to God."

E. S. O.

January.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE wave is breaking on the shore, —
  The echo fading from the chime,—
Again the shadow moveth o'er
  The dial-plate of time !

. . . . . .

Spring, with her change of sun and shower,
  And streams released from Winter's chain,
And bursting bud, and opening flower,
  And greenly growing grain ;

And Summer's shade, and sunshine warm,
  And rainbows o'er her hill-tops bowed,
And voices in her rising storm, —
  God speaking from his cloud ! —

And Autumn's fruits and clustering sheaves,
  And soft, warm days of golden light,
The glory of her forest leaves,
  And harvest-moon at night ;

And Winter with her leafless grove,
  And prisoned stream, and drifting snow,
The brilliance of her heaven above
  And of her earth below.

January 1.

East, West, and North, the shout is heard,
Of freemen rising for the right:
Each valley hath its rallying word, —
Each hill its signal light.

O'er Massachusetts' rocks of gray,
The strengthening light of freedom shines,
Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay, —
And Vermont's snow-hung pines!

From Hudson's frowning palisades
To Alleghany's laurelled crest,
O'er lakes and prairies, streams and glades,
It shines upon the West. The New Year.

January 2.

Still linger in our noon of time
And on our Saxon tongue
The echoes of the home-born hymns
The Aryan mothers sung.

And childhood had its litanies
In every age and clime;
The earliest cradles of the race
Were rocked to poet's rhyme.

. . . . . .

The mystery of unfolding life
Was more than dawning morn,
Than opening flower or crescent moon
The human soul new-born! Child Songs

JANUARY 1.

Emancipation Proclamation, 1863; Maria Edgeworth, 1767; Arthur Hugh Clough, 1819.

JANUARY 2.

January 3.

Only in the gathered silence
  Of a calm and waiting frame
Light and wisdom as from Heaven
  To the seeker came.

Not to ease and aimless quiet
  Doth that inward answer tend,
But to works of love and duty
  As our being's end, —

Not to idle dreams and trances,
  Length of face, and solemn tone,
But to Faith, in daily striving
  And performance shown. To ——.

January 4.

O heart of mine, keep patience! — Looking forth,
  As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,
Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on earth, —
  The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
And found, at last, the mystic Graal I see,
  Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip
  In sacred pledge of human fellowship;
  And over all the songs of angels hear, —
  Songs of the love that casteth out all fear, —
  Songs of the Gospel of Humanity!

On a Prayer-Book.

January 3.

Lucretia Mott, 1793.

January 4.

Archbishop Usher, 1580; Benjamin Lundy, 1789.

January 5.

And he, who to the lettered wealth
Of ages adds the lore unpriced,
The wisdom and the moral health,
The ethics of the school of Christ;
The statesman to his holy trust,
As the Athenian archon, just,
Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,
Has he not graced my home with beauty all his own?

The Last Walk in Autumn.

January 6.

One language held his heart and lip,
Straight onward to his goal he trod,
And proved the highest statesmanship
Obedience to the voice of God.

Safely his dearest friends may own
The slight defects he never hid,
The surface-blemish in the stone
Of the tall, stately pyramid.

Suffice it that he never brought
His conscience to the public mart;
But lived himself the truth he taught,
White-souled, clean-handed, pure of heart.

Sumner.

January 5.

January 6.

Charles Sumner, 1811; Owen Lovejoy, 1811.

January 7.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicéd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.

SNOW-BOUND.

January 8.

Ah, well! — The world is discreet;
There are plenty to pause and wait;
But here was a man who set his feet
Sometimes in advance of fate, —

Plucked off the old bark when the inner
Was slow to renew it,
And put to the Lord's work the sinner
When saints failed to do it.

Never rode to the wrong's redressing
A worthier paladin.
Shall he not hear the blessing,
"Good and faithful, enter in!"

TO G. L. S.

January 7.

January 8.

George Luther Stearns, 1809.

January 9.

"Neither present fame, nor war, nor power, nor wealth, nor knowledge alone shall secure an entrance to the true and noble Valhalla. There shall be gathered only those who have toiled each in his vocation for the welfare of others." "Justice and benevolence are higher than knowledge and power." Fame and Glory.

All which is real now remaineth,
And fadeth never:
The hand which upholds it now sustaineth
The soul forever. My Soul and I.

January 10.

How smiled the land of France
Under thy blue eye's glance,
Light-hearted rover!
Old walls of chateaux gray,
Towers of an early day,
Which the Three Colors play
Flauntingly over.

Now midst the brilliant train
Thronging the banks of Seine:
Now midst the splendor
Of the wild Alpine range,
Waking with change on change
Thoughts in thy young heart strange,
Lovely, and tender. To a Friend.

January 9.

Lemuel Shaw, 1781.

January 10.

January 11.

He brought us wonders of the new and old;
We shared all climes with him. The Arab's tent
To him its story-telling secret lent.
And, pleased, we listened to the tales he told.
His task, beguiled with songs that shall endure,
In manly, honest thoroughness he wrought;
From humble home-lays to the heights of thought
Slowly he climbed, but every step was sure.
. . . . . .
O Vale of Chester! trod by him so oft,
Green as thy June turf keep his memory.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

January 12.

They set their faces to the blast,
They trod the eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed
By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
And green with vines and corn.

THE PASS OF THE SIERRA.

Sternly faithful to duty, in peril, and suffering, and self-denial, they wrought out the noblest of historical epics on the rough soil of New England. They lived a truer poetry than Homer or Virgil wrote.

PAWTUCKET FALLS.

JANUARY 11.

Bayard Taylor, 1825; Alexander Hamilton, 1757.

JANUARY 12.

Governor Winthrop, 1588.

JANUARY 13.

We want something beyond the bare announcement of the momentous fact of a future life; we long for a miracle to confirm our weak faith and silence forever the doubts which torment us.

MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY.

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all
Eternal love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
On earth below they look,
Who know with John his smile of love,
With Peter his rebuke. OUR MASTER.

JANUARY 14.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,

. . . . . .

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And Beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

January 13.

January 14.

January 15.

Forever ours ! for good or ill, on us the burden lies ;
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across
the skies.
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn the poised
and trembling scale ? The Crisis.

Take heart ! — the Waster builds again, —
A charmed life old Goodness hath ;
The tares may perish, — but the grain
Is not for death. The Reformer.

January 16.

How yonder Ethiopian hemlock
Crowned with his glistening circlet stands !
What jewels light his swarthy hands !
The Pageant.

With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal : we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
Snow-Bound.

January 15.

January 16.

January 17.

He who might Plato's banquet grace,
Have I not seen before me sit,
And watched his puritanic face,
With more than Eastern wisdom lit?
Shrewd mystic! who, upon the back
Of his Poor Richard's Almanack,
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,
Links Menu's age of thought to Fulton's age of steam!

The Last Walk in Autumn.

January 18.

Whom the rich heavens did so endow
With eyes of power and Jove's own brow,
With all the massive strength that fills
Thy home-horizon's granite hills,
With rarest gifts of heart and head
From manliest stock inherited,
New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian;
. . . . . .
Thou shouldst have lived to feel below
Thy feet Disunion's fierce upthrow, —
The late-sprung mine that underlaid
Thy sad concessions vainly made.
. . . . . .
Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
O sleeper by the Northern sea,
The gates of opportunity!

Lost Occasion.

January 17.

Benjamin Franklin, 1706; Charles Brockden Brown, 1771.

January 18.

Daniel Webster, 1782.

January 19.

His simple tale of love and woe
All hearts had melted, high or low; —
A blissful pain, a sweet distress,
Immortal in its tenderness.

Chapel of the Hermits.

Not without envy Wealth at times must look
On their brown strength who wield the reaping-hook
And scythe, or at the forge-fire shape the plow
Or the steel harness of the steeds of steam; —
All who, by skill and patience, anyhow
Make service noble, and the earth redeem
From savageness. By kingly accolade
Than theirs was never worthier knighthood made.

The Problem.

January 20.

Home of my fathers! — I have stood
Where Hudson rolled his lordly flood:
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak
On Juniata's silver streak;
Have seen along his valley gleam
The Mohawk's softly winding stream;
Yet wheresoe'er his step might be,
Thy wandering child looked back to thee!

The Merrimack.

January 19.

Bernardin St. Pierre, 1737; James Watt, 1736.

January 20.

Nathaniel P. Willis, 1806.

January 21.

O, never yet since Roland wound his horn
At Roncesvalles, has a blast been blown
Far-heard, wide-echoed, startling as thine own,
Heard from the van of freedom's hope forlorn!

To John C. Fremont.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

. . . . . .

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Barbara Frietchie.

January 22.

What lack of goodly company,
When masters of the ancient lyre
Obey my call, and trace for me
Their words of mingled tears and fire!
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere,
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought, draw near.

The Last Walk in Autumn.

January 21.

John C. Fremont, 1813; Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson, 1824.
Adolphe Monod, 1802.

January 22.

Francis Bacon, 1561.

January 23.

We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just,)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Snow-Bound.

January 24.

Friend of the Slave, and yet the friend of all;
Lover of peace, yet ever foremost when
The need of battling Freedom called for men
To plant the banner on the outer wall;
Gentle and kindly, ever at distress
Melted to more than woman's tenderness,
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
Fronting the violence of a maddened host,
Like some gray rock from which the waves are tossed!
Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
The faith of one whose walk and word were right.

To Daniel Neall.

January 23.

January 24.

Daniel Neall, 1784.

January 25.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!
The moorland flower and peasant!
. . . . . .
Not his the song whose thunderous chime
Eternal echoes render, —
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,
And Milton's starry splendor!

But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer? BURNS.

January 26.

All night has the white meteor fallen in broad flake or minutest crystal, the sport and plaything of winds that have wrought it into a thousand shapes of wild beauty.

MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY.

Away with weary cares and themes! —
Swing wide the moonlit gate of dreams!
Leave free once more the land which teems
With wonders and romances!
Where thou, with clear discerning eyes,
Shalt rightly read the truth which lies
Beneath the quaintly masking guise
Of wild and wizard fancies. TO MY SISTER.

JANUARY 25.

Robert Burns, 1759; James Hogg, 1772.

JANUARY 26.

Thomas Noon Talfourd, 1795

January 27.

Strike, Thou the Master, we Thy keys,
The anthem of the destinies !
The minor of Thy loftier strain,
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain,
Thy will be done ! THY WILL BE DONE.

Know well, my soul, God's hand controls
Whate'er thou fearest ;
Round him in calmest music rolls
Whate'er thou hearest.

What to thee is shadow, to Him is day,
And the end He knoweth,
And not on a blind and aimless way
The spirit goeth. MY SOUL AND I.

January 28.

Our English tongue is peculiarly rich in the lore of home and fireside. PREFACE TO CHILD LIFE.

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,
Instead of birds, are flitting ,
When children throng the glowing hearth,
And quiet wives are knitting ;
While in the fire-light strong and clear
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
To tales of all we see and hear
The ears of home shall listen.
THE DROVERS.

January 27.

Mozart, 1756; Theodore Sedgwick, 1811.

January 28.

January 29.

A man remarkable for his practical activities, an ardent scholar of the exact sciences, versed in all the arcana of physics, a skillful and inventive mechanician, he has evolved from the hard and gross materialism of his studies a system of transcendent spiritualism. From his aggregation of cold and apparently lifeless practical facts beautiful and wonderful abstractions start forth like blossoms on the rod of the Levite. Swedenborg.

January 30.

What is the priest even of our New England but a living testimony to the truth of the supernatural and the reality of the unseen, — a man of mystery, walking in the shadow of the ideal world?

The Agency of Evil.

The pause before the breaking seals
  Of mystery is this;
Yon miracle-play of night and day
  Makes dumb its witnesses.
What unseen altar crowns the hills
  That reach up stair on stair?
. . . . . .
What Presence from the heavenly heights
  To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods
  On Ida's snowy crown!

Sunset on the Bearcamp.

January 29.

Emanuel Swedenborg, 1689.

January 30.

JANUARY 31.

The poor French neutrals who were brought to Philadelphia from Nova Scotia, and landed penniless and despairing among strangers in tongue and religion, found in him a warm and untiring friend.

INTRODUCTION TO WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

And the young city, round whose virgin zone
The rivers like two mighty arms were thrown,
Marked by the smoke of evening fires alone,

Lay in the distance, lovely even then
With its fair women and its stately men.

. . . . . .

Urban yet sylvan ; in its rough-hewn frames
Of oak and pine the dryads held their claims,
And lent its streets their pleasant woodland names.

PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

JANUARY 31.

Anthony Benezet, 1713; Bernard Barton, 1784.

THE PAGEANT.

A SOUND as if from bells of silver,
Or elfin cymbals smitten clear,
Through the frost-pictured panes I hear.

A brightness which outshines the morning,
A splendor brooking no delay,
Beckons and tempts my feet away.

I leave the trodden village highway
For virgin snow-paths glimmering through
A jewelled elm-tree avenue ;

Where, keen against the walls of sapphire,
The gleaming tree-bolls, ice-embossed,
Hold up their chandeliers of frost.

I tread in Orient halls enchanted,
I dream the Saga's dream of caves
Gem-lit beneath the North Sea waves !

I walk the land of Eldorado,
I touch its mimic garden bowers,
Its silver leaves and diamond flowers !

February.

THE CLEAR VISION.

I DID but dream. I never knew
  What charms our sternest season wore.
Was never yet the sky so blue,
  Was never earth so white before.
Till now I never saw the glow
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,
And never learned the bough's designs
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Did ever such a morning break
  As that my eastern windows see?
Did ever such a moonlight take
  Weird photographs of shrub and tree?
Rang ever bells so wild and fleet
The music of the winter street?
Was ever yet a sound by half
So merry as yon school-boy's laugh?

February 1.

Better than self-indulgent years
The outflung heart of youth,
Than pleasant songs in idle years
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine,
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.

My Birthday.

God works in all things ; all obey
His first propulsion from the night :
Wake thou and watch ! — the world is gray
With morning light ! The Reformer.

February 2.

He who would benefit his fellow-man must "walk by faith," sowing his seed in the morning, and in the evening withholding not his hand.

Scottish Reformers.

Wisely and well said the Eastern bard :
Fear is easy, but love is hard, —
Easy to glow with the Santon's rage,
And walk on the Meccan pilgrimage ;
But he is greatest and best who can
Worship Allah by loving man.

The Preacher.

February 1.

Edmund Quincy, 1808.

February 2.

February 3.

A loving heart carries with it, under every parallel of latitude, the warmth and light of the tropics. It plants its Eden in the wilderness and solitary place, and sows with flowers the gray desolation of rocks and mosses.

My Summer with Dr. Singletary.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

My Birthday.

February 4.

The memory of thy loveliness
Shall round our weary pathway smile,
Like moonlight when the sun has set, —
A sweet and tender radiance yet.
Thoughts of thy clear-eyed sense of duty,
Thy generous scorn of all things wrong, —
The truth, the strength, the graceful beauty
Which blended in thy song.

Lucy Hooper.

Statesmen like those who sought the primal fount
Of righteous law, the Sermon on the Mount;
Lawyers who prize, like Quincy, (to our day
Still spared, Heaven bless him !) honor more than pay.

The Panorama.

February 3.

Elisha Kent Kane, 1820.

February 4.

Lucy Hooper, 1816; Josiah Quincy, 1772.

February 5.

Brave men and faithful! It is not necessary that the present generation, now quietly reaping the fruit of your heroic endurance, should see eye to eye with you in respect to all your testimonies and beliefs, in order to recognize your claim to gratitude and admiration.

Thomas Ellwood.

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past, — their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place, —
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

The Moral Warfare.

February 6.

Where I least expected them, I have encountered shapes of evil; while, on the other hand, I have found beautiful, heroic love and self-denial in those who had seemed to me frivolous and selfish.

My Summer with Dr. Singletary.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope or fear;
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

My Psalm.

February 5.

James Otis, 1725

February 6.

February 7.

"Praise to the place-man who can hold aloof
His still unpurchased manhood, office-proof;
Who on his round of duty walks erect,
And leaves it only rich in self-respect, —
As More maintained his virtue's lofty port
In the Eighth Henry's base and bloody court.

The Panorama.

Art builds on sand; the works of pride
And human passion change and fall;
But that which shares the life of God
With Him surviveth all. Wordsworth.

February 8.

Then up spake John de Matha:
"God's errands never fail!
Take thou the mantle which I wear,
And make of it a sail."

They raised the cross-wrought mantle,
The blue, the white, the red;
And straight before the wind off-shore
The ship of Freedom sped.

. . . . . .

So on through storm and darkness
They drove for weary hours;
And lo! the third gray morning shone
On Ostia's friendly towers.

The Mantle of St. John de Matha.

February 7.

Sir Thomas More, 1480.

February 8.

St. John de Matha (d.), 1213.

February 9.

The whole country being covered with snow, and the weather being extreme cold, we can scarce say much of the natural gifts and advantages of our new home ; but it lieth on a small river, and there be fertile meadows, and old corn-fields of the Indians, and good springs of water, so that I am told it is a desirable and pleasing place in the warm season. Margaret Smith's Journal.

A life of beauty lends to all it sees
The beauty of its thought ;
And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies
Make glad its way, unsought.

Christian Tourists.

February 10.

O Ary Scheffer ! when beneath thine eye,
Touched with the light that cometh from above,
Grew the sweet picture of the dear Lord's love,
No dream hadst thou that Christian hands would tear
Therefrom the token of his equal care,
And make thy symbol of his truth a lie !

On a Prayer-Book.

To Thee our full humanity,
Its joys and pains, belong ;
The wrong of man to man on Thee
Inflicts a deeper wrong.

Our Master.

February 9.

February 10.

Ary Scheffer, 1795.

February 11.

Sharing His love who holds in His embrace
The lowliest of our race,
Sure the Divine economy must be
Conservative of thee!

For truth must live with truth, self-sacrifice
Seek out its great allies;
Good must find good by gravitation sure,
And love with love endure.

Within the Gate.

February 12.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,
Along his pathway ran,
And Nature, through his voice, denied
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where these sad eyes
Saw peril, strife, and pain;
His was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.

The Emancipation Group.

The life of Cotton Mather is as full of romance as the legends of Ariosto or the tales of Beltenebros and Florisando in Amadis de Gaul.

The Agency of Evil.

February 11.

Lydia Maria Child, 1802.

February 12.

Abraham Lincoln, 1809; Charles Robert Darwin, 1809; Cotton Mather, 1663.

February 13.

A true life is at once interpreter and proof of the Gospel. Introduction to Woolman's Journal.

Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
Thy weakness ; truth itself is strong ;
The lion's strength, the eagle's speed,
Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

Thy nature, which, through fire and flood,
To place or gain finds out its way,
Hath power to seek the highest good,
And duty's holiest call obey ! The Voices.

February 14.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast. Benedicite.

From the eternal shadow rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the inward ear.

Lines Suggested by a Visit to Washington, Va.

February 13.

February 14.

February 15.

No trains of deep-mouthed cannon along our highways go, —
Around our silent arsenals untrodden lies the snow;
And to the land-breeze of our ports, upon their errands far,
A thousand sails of commerce swell, but none are spread for war.

Massachusetts to Virginia.

February 16.

Bring pike and gun, the sword's red scourge,
The negro's broken chains,
And beat them at the blacksmith's forge
To ploughshares for our plains.

Alike henceforth our hills of snow,
And vales where cotton flowers;
All streams that flow, all winds that blow,
Are Freedom's motive-powers.

Henceforth to Labor's chivalry
Be knightly honors paid;
For nobler than the sword's shall be
The sickle's accolade.

The Peace Autumn.

February 15.

February 16.

Henry Wilson, 1812.

February 17.

My soul is full of thankfulness, and a sweet inward peace is my portion. Hard things are made easy to me; this desert place, with its lonely woods and wintry snows, is beautiful in mine eyes.

Margaret Smith's Journal.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

Snow-Bound.

February 18.

All day the darkness and the cold
Upon my heart have lain,
Like shadows on the winter sky,
Like frost upon the pane;

But now my torpid fancy wakes,
And, on thy Eagle's plume,
Rides forth, like Sindbad on his bird,
Or witch upon her broom!

On receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior.

February 17.

February 18.

Charles Lamb, 1775.

February 19.

O, would I were as free to rise
As leaves on autumn's whirlwind borne, —
The arrowy light of sunset skies,
Or sound, or ray, or star of morn. HYMNS.

What matter though we seek with pain
The garden of the gods in vain,
If lured thereby we climb to greet
Some wayside blossom Eden-sweet?
. . . . . .
Life's fairest things are those which seem,
The best is that of which we dream.

SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

February 20.

Yet, sometimes glimpses on my sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal right;
And, step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad, —
Our common daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.
. . . . . .
For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold.

CHAPEL OF THE HERMITS.

February 19.

William W. Story, 1819

February 20.

Angelina Grimké Weld, 1805; Mary Starbuck, 1645.

February 21.

How sweetly come the holy psalms
From saints and martyrs down,
. . . . . .
The choral praise, the chanted prayers
From harps by angels strung,
The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,
The hymns that Luther sung!

Burns's Festival.

Scotland, from lake and tarn and rill,
And mountain hold, and heathery hill,
Shall catch and echo back the note,
As if she heard upon her air
Once more her Cameronian's prayer
And song of Freedom float.

World's Convention.

February 22.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.

The Quaker of the Olden Time.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

The Chapel of the Hermits.

February 21.

David Halliday (d.), 1685.

February 22.

Josiah Quincy, Jr., 1744; James Russell Lowell, 1819.

February 23.

The tale is one of distant skies;
The dust of half a century lies
Upon it; yet its hero's name
Still lingers on the lips of Fame.

DERNE.

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart
the battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's
lips grew cold.
But the noble Mexic women still their holy task
pursued,
. . . . . .
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender
care they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange
and Northern tongue.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

February 24.

The great eventful Present hides the Past; but
through the din
Of its loud life hints and echoes from the life be-
hind steal in;
And the lore of home and fireside, and the legend-
ary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter which the true man
owes his time.

THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

February 23.

Gen. Wm. Eaton, 1764; Battle of Buena Vista, 1847.

February 24.

Theophilus Parsons, 1750; George Wm. Curtis, 1824.

February 25.

May many more of quiet years be added to your sum,
And, late at last, in tenderest love, the beckoning angel come.

Dear hearts are here, dear hearts are there, alike below, above ;
Our friends are now in either world, and love is sure of love.

The Golden Wedding of Longwood.

February 26.

The life to be
Is still the unguessed mystery :
Unscaled, unpierced the cloudy walls remain,
We beat with dream and wish the soundless doors in vain.

The Tent on the Beach.

We dwell with fears on either hand,
Within a daily strife,
And spectral problems waiting stand
Before the gates of life.

The doubts we vainly seek to solve,
The truths we know, are one ;
The known and nameless stars revolve
Around the Central Sun.

The Old Burying-Ground.

February 25.

February 26.

François J. D. Arago, 1786; Victor Hugo, 1802.

February 27.

I have ventured to let the name of the author of "Evangeline" represent, as it well may, the present poetic culture of our English-speaking people at home and abroad.

Preface to Songs of Three Centuries.

. . . . . .

Slow passed that vision from my view,
But not the lesson which it taught;
The soft, calm shadows which it threw
Still rested on my thought:

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,
Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,
Plant for their deathless heritage
The fruits and flowers of time. Raphael.

February 28.

Fair seem these winter days, and soon
Shall blow the warm west-winds of spring
To set the unbound rills in tune,
And hither urge the bluebird's wing.

The Clear Vision.

The jewels loosen on the branches,
And lightly, as the soft winds blow,
Fall, tinkling, on the ice below.

The Pageant

February 27.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807.

February 28.

February 29.

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track; —
That whereso'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back; —

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good; —

. . . . . .

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair; —

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west-winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

My Psalm.

February 29.

THE FROST SPIRIT.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes!
— from the frozen Labrador, —
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which
the white bear wanders o'er, —
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the
luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into mar-
ble statues grow!

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes!
— let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil
power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that fire-
light dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his
sounding wing goes by!

March.

THE NEW HOME.

A WILD and broken landscape, spiked with firs,
  Roughening the bleak horizon's northern edge,
Steep, cavernous hillsides, where black hemlock spurs
  And sharp, gray splinters of the wind-swept ledge
Pierced the thin-glazed ice, or bristling rose,
Where the cold rim of the sky sunk down upon the snows.

And eastward cold, wide marshes stretched away,
  Dull, dreary flats without a bush or tree,
O'er-crossed by icy creeks, where twice a day
  Gurgled the waters of the moon-struck sea;
And faint with distance came the stifled roar,
The melancholy lapse of waves on that low shore.

March 1.

Still, from the hurrying train of Life, fly backward far and fast
The milestones of the fathers, the landmarks of the past.
But human hearts remain unchanged: the sorrow and the sin,
The loves and hopes and fears of old, are to our own akin;
And if, in tales our fathers told, the songs our mothers sung,
Tradition wears a snowy beard, Romance is always young.

MARY GARVIN.

March 2.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled, —
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Up springing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

. . . . . .

The grain grew green on battle-plains,
O'er swarded war-mounds grazed the cow;
The slave stood forging from his chains
The spade and plow.

Where frowned the fort, pavilions gay
And cottage windows, flower-entwined,
Looked out upon the peaceful bay
And hills behind.

THE REFORMER.

March 1.

William D. Howells, 1837.

March 2.

Reconstruction Act, 1867.

March 3.

To the gray walls of fallen Paraclete,
To Juliet's urn,
Fair Arno and Sorrento's orange-grove,
Where Tasso sang, let young Romance and Love
Like brother pilgrims turn.

But here a deeper and serener charm
To all is given ;
And blessed memories of the faithful dead
O'er wood and vale and meadow-stream have shed
The holy hues of Heaven !

Chalkley Hall.

March 4.

The flora of the mystic mine-world
Around me lifts on crystal stems
The petals of its clustered gems !

The Pageant.

And where the dark shaft pierces down
Beneath the mountain roots,
Seen by the miner's lamp alone,
The star-like crystal shoots ;
So, where, the winds and waves below,
The coral-branchéd gardens grow,
His climbing weeds and mosses show,
Like foliage, on each stony bough,
Of varied hues more strangely gay
Than forest leaves in autumn's day.

To A. K.

March 3.

Thomas Chalkley, 1675; Edmund Waller, 1605.

March 4.

Louis F. De Pourtalès, 1824.

March 5.

Wild are the waves which lash the reefs along St. George's bank, —
Cold on the shore of Labrador the fog lies white and dank. Massachusetts to Virginia.

To the young invalid of the Skipper's story, the dreary waste of what Moore calls, as you remember,

"The dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador,"

looked beautiful and inviting; for he saw it softened and irradiated in an atmosphere of love. Its bare hills, bleak rocks, and misty sky were but the setting and background of the sweetest picture in the gallery of life. Summer with Dr. Singletary.

March 6.

Oh, talk as we may of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought out on canvas, speculate as we may upon its colors and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction, after all? The heart feels a beauty of another kind; looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness. The Beautiful.

An inborn grace that nothing lacked
Of culture or appliance, —
The warmth of genial courtesy,
The calm of self-reliance.

Among the Hills.

March 5.

Isaac I. Hayes, 1832; James Madison, 1751.

March 6.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti, 1475; Gerrit Smith, 1797.

March 7.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old
plan,
A true and brave and downright honest man! —
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace;
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still;
And, while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.

DANIEL NEALL.

March 8.

She bore him to a pleasant room,
Flower-sweet and cool with salt sea air,
And watched beside his bed, for whom
His far-off sisters might not care.

She fanned his feverish brow and smoothed
Its lines of pain with tenderest touch.
With holy hymn and prayer she soothed
The trembling soul that feared so much.

Through her the peace that passeth sight
Came to him, as he lapsed away
As one whose troubled dreams of night
Slide slowly into tranquil day.

I WAS A STRANGER AND YE TOOK ME IN.

March 7.

Francis Jackson, 1789.

March 8.

Emily E. Parsons, 1824.

March 9.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes :
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

There 's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There 's rest in his still countenance !
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

March 10.

Two pale, sweet angels, Hope and Faith,
Smile dimly on us through their tears.

FOLLEN.

And that cloud itself, which now before thee
Lies dark in view,
Shall with beams of light from the inner glory
Be stricken through.

And like meadow mist through autumn's dawn
Uprolling thin,
Its thickest folds when about thee drawn
Let sunlight in.

MY SOUL AND I.

March 9.

March 10.

March 11.

On lips unlike was laid the altar's coal,
The white, clear light, tradition-colored, stole
Through the stained oriel of each human soul.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM.

So the man *be* a man, let him worship, at will,
In Jerusalem's courts, or on Gerizim's hill.
When she makes up her jewels, what cares yon good town
For the Baptist of WAYLAND, the Quaker of BROWN?

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

March 12.

Three shades at this moment seem walking her strand,
Each with head halo-crowned, and with palms in his hand, —
Wise Berkeley, grave Hopkins, and, smiling serene
On prelate and puritan, Channing is seen.

One holy name bearing, no longer they need
Credentials of party, and pass-words of creed:
The new song they sing hath a threefold accord,
And they own one baptism, one faith, and one Lord!

THE QUAKER ALUMNI.

March 11.

Francis Wayland, 1796.

March 12.

Bishop Berkeley, 1684.

March 13.

It is no light thing to abandon one's own country and household gods. City of a Day.

The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank:
Midst the cold dreary sea-watch, Home's hearth-light
Shines round the helmsman plunging through the night;
And still, with inward eye, the traveller sees
In close, dark, stranger streets his native trees.

The Bridal of Pennacook.

March 14.

Even in our own country and time old superstitions and credulities still cling to life with feline tenacity. Charms and Fairy Faith.

Fringed with gold their mantles flow
On the slopes of westering knolls;
In the wind they whisper low
Of the Sunset Land of Souls.

Doubt who may, O friend of mine!
Thou and I have seen them too;
On before with beck and sign
Still they glide, and we pursue.

The Vanishers.

March 13.

Joseph Priestley, 1733.

March 14.

March 15.

A grave, strong man, who knew no peer
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear
Of God, not man, and for good or ill
Held his trust with an iron will.

The King's Missive.

Who knows what goadings in their sterner way
O'er jagged ice, relieved by granite gray,
Blew round the men of Massachusetts Bay?

What hate of heresy the east-wind woke?
What hints of pitiless power and terror spoke
In waves that on their iron coast-line broke?

The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.

March 16.

Enough for me to feel and know
That He in whom the cause and end,
The past and future, meet and blend, —
Who, girt with his immensities,
Our vast and star-hung system sees,
Small as the clustered Pleiades, —
Moves not alone the heavenly quires,
But waves the spring-time's grassy spires,
Guards not archangel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own.

Questions of Life.

March 15.

Governor Endicott (d), 1665; Andrew Jackson, 1767.

March 16.

Caroline L. Herschel, 1750.

March 17.

When the noblest woman in all France stood on the scaffold, just before her execution, she is said to have turned towards the statue of Liberty, — which, strangely enough, had been placed near the guillotine, as its patron saint, — with the exclamation, "O Liberty! what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Portraits and Sketches.

Pile up thy tombs of rank and pride,
O England, as thou wilt!
. . . . . .
No part or lot in these we claim;
But, o'er the sounding wave,
A common right to Elliott's name,
A freehold in his grave!

March 18.

A morning dream, a tale that 's told,
The wave of change o'er all has rolled.

The Chapel of the Hermits.

But fresh and green from the rotting roots
Of primal forests the young growth shoots;
. . . . . .
On the ladder of God, which upward leads,
The steps of progress are human needs.
For his judgments still are a mighty deep,
And the eyes of his providence never sleep.

The Preacher.

March 17.

Madame Roland, 1754; Ebenezer Elliott, 1781.

March 18.

Francis Lieber, 1800.

March 19.

The eye may well be glad, that looks
  Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;
But he who sees his native brooks
  Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.
The marble palaces of Ind
Rise round him in the snow and wind;
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz smiles,
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

The Last Walk in Autumn.

March 20.

The rudiments of empire here
  Are plastic yet and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
  Is rounding into form!

On receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior.

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

The Garrison of Cape Ann.

March 19.

David Livingstone, 1817.

March 20.

Ovid, 43 B. C.

March 21.

He was one of those men to whom it is given to discern through the mists of custom and prejudice something of the lineaments of absolute truth, ...

Introduction to Woolman's Journal.

Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The Law of Love beyond all law,
The Life o'erflooding mortal death and sin!

Shine on us with the light which glowed
Upon the trance-bound shepherd's way,
Who saw the Darkness overflowed
And drowned by tides of everlasting Day.

The Shadow and the Light.

March 22.

The Traveller said: "If songs have creeds,
Their choice of them let singers make;
But Art no other sanction needs
Than beauty for its own fair sake.
It grinds not in the mill of use,
Nor asks for leave, nor begs excuse;
It makes the flexile laws it deigns to own,
And gives its atmosphere its color and its tone."

The Tent on the Beach.

March 21.

Departure of George Fox from America, 1673.

March 22.

Philip Vandyck, 1599; Rosa Bonheur, 1822.

March 23.

O friend ! O brother ! not in vain
  Thy life so calm and true,
The silver dropping of the rain,
  The fall of summer dew !

How many burdened hearts have prayed
  Their lives like thine might be !
But more shall pray henceforth for aid
  To lay them down like thee.

With weary hand, yet steadfast will,
  In old age as in youth,
Thy Master found thee sowing still
  The good seed of his truth.

To William Forster.

March 24.

A mind rejoicing in the light
  Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf, dew-moist and bright,
And stainless in its holy white,
Unfolding like a morning flower :
A heart, which, like a fine-toned lute,
  With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
  From eye and lip in music spoke.

Memories.

March 23.

William Forster, 1784.

March 24.

March 25.

We share our primal parents' fate,
  And in our turn and day,
Look back on Eden's sworded gate
  As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
  The pitying Angel leaves,
And leads through Toil to Paradise
  New Adams and new Eves!

A Lay of Old Time.

O, backward-looking son of time!
  The new is old, the old is new.

The Reformer.

March 26.

"One cannot but admire," said the Doctor, "that wise and beneficent ordination of Providence whereby the spirit of man asserts its power over circumstances." Summer with Dr. Singletary.

Not untrue that tale of old!
Now, as then, the wise and bold
All the powers of Nature hold
  Subject to their kingly will;
From the wondering crowds ashore,
Treading life's wild waters o'er,
As upon a marble floor,
  Moves the strong man still.

The Bridal of Pennacook.

March 25.

March 26.

Nathaniel Bowditch, 1773.

March 27.

The fox his hillside cell forsakes,
The muskrat leaves his nook,
The bluebird in the meadow brakes
Is singing with the brook.
"Bear up, O Mother Nature!" cry
Bird, breeze, and streamlet free;
"Our winter voices prophesy
Of summer days to thee!"

A Dream of Summer.

March 28.

Stately and slow, with thoughtful air,
His black cap hiding his whitened hair,
Walks the Judge of the great Assize,
Samuel Sewall the good and wise.
His face with lines of firmness wrought,
He wears the look of a man unbought,
Who swears to his hurt and changes not;
. . . . . .
True and tender and brave and just,
That man might honor and woman trust.
. . . . . .
Green forever the memory be
Of the Judge of the old Theocracy,
Whom even his errors glorified,
Like a far-seen, sunlit mountain-side
By the cloudy shadows which o'er it glide!

The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall.

March 27.

March 28.

Samuel Sewall, 1652; Thomas Clarkson, 1760.

March 29.

Nature's mighty miracle is still over and around us ; and hence awe, wonder, and reverence remain to be the inheritance of humanity.

The Agency of Evil.

Around the mighty master came
The marvels which his pencil wrought,
Those miracles of power whose fame
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,
O Mother, beautiful and mild !
Enfolding in one dear embrace
Thy Saviour and thy Child ! Raphael.

March 30.

Doubts to the world's child-heart unknown
Question us now from star and stone ;
Too little or too much we know,
And sight is swift and faith is slow ;
The power is lost to self-deceive
With shallow forms of make-believe.
We walk at high noon, and the bells
Call to a thousand oracles. The Meeting.

Within its round of sea and sky and field,
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands revealed. The Last Walk in Autumn.

March 29.

Raffaello Sanzio, 1483.

March 30.

March 31.

You should have seen that long hill-range
  With gaps of brightness riven, —
How through each pass and hollow streamed
  The purpling lights of heaven, —

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down
  From far celestial fountains, —
The great sun flaming through the rifts
  Beyond the wall of mountains !

Among the Hills.

The glory of this sunset heaven
  Into my soul has passed, —
A sense of gladness unconfined
  To mortal date or clime ;
As the soul liveth, it shall live
  Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels
  Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
  With sunset hues of ours.

Sunset on the Bearcamp.

March 31.

William M. Hunt, 1824; John P. Hale, 1806.

BRIDAL OF PENNACOOK.

THE wild March rains had fallen fast and long
The snowy mountains of the North among,
Making each vale a watercourse, — each hill
Bright with the cascade of some new-made rill.

Gnawed by the sunbeams, softened by the rain,
Heaved underneath by the swollen current's strain,
The ice-bridge yielded, and the Merrimack
Bore the huge ruin crashing down its track.

. . . . . .

Down the white rapids like a sear leaf whirled,
On the sharp rocks and piled-up ices hurled,
Empty and broken, circled the canoe
In the vexed pool below — but, where was Weetamoo?

April.

"The spring comes slowly up this way."

CHRISTABEL.

'T IS the noon of the spring-time, yet never a bird
In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard ;
For green meadow-grasses wide levels of snow,
And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow ;
Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,
On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the light,
O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-waking roots
The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots ;
And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,
Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel creeps,
Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers !
We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south !
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth ;
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod !

April 1.

A laugh which in the woodland rang
  Bemocking April's gladdest bird, —
A light and graceful form which sprang
  To meet him when his step was heard.

The Bridal of Pennacook.

Nor sky, nor wave, nor tree, nor flower,
  Nor green earth's virgin sod,
So moved the singer's heart of old
  As these small ones of God.

Child Songs.

April 2.

The nursling growth of Monticello's crest
Is now the glory of the free Northwest;
To the wise maxims of her olden school
Virginia listened from thy lips, Rantoul;
Seward's words of power, and Sumner's fresh renown,
Flow from the pen that Jefferson laid down!

The Panorama.

For democracy, pure and impartial, — the self-government of the whole; equal rights and privileges, irrespective of birth or complexion; . . . . Christianity reduced to practice, and showering the blessings of its impartial love and equal protection upon all, like the rain and dews of heaven, — we have the sincerest love and reverence.

William Leggett.

April 1.

April 2.

Thomas Jefferson, 1743; Hans Christian Andersen, 1805.

April 3.

Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves
The bladed grass revives and lives,
Pushes the mouldering waste away,
And glimpses to the April day.

Mogg Megone.

I know not how, in other lands,
The changing seasons come and go;
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,
What purple lights on Alpine snow!
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits
On Venice at her watery gates;
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale,
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

The Last Walk in Autumn.

April 4.

What was John Woolman, to the wise and prudent of his day, but an amiable enthusiast? What, to those of our own, is such an angel of mercy as Dorothea Dix? Fame and Glory.

O weary ones! ye may not see
Your helpers in their downward flight;
Nor hear the sound of silver wings
Slow beating through the hush of night!

The Legend of St. Mark.

Through prison walls, like Heaven-sent hope,
Fresh breezes blew, and sunbeams strayed.

The Reformer.

April 3.

Washington Irving, 1783; George Herbert, 1593.

April 4.

D. L. Dix; Benjamin Pierce, 1809.

April 5.

The home-sick dreamer's brow is nightly fanned
By breezes whispering of his native land,
And on the stranger's dim and dying eye
The soft, sweet pictures of his childhood lie.

The Bridal of Pennacook.

O, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
"God be praised! — the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!"

The Pipes at Lucknow.

April 6.

Not as a poor requital of the joy
With which my childhood heard that lay of thine,
Which, like an echo of the song divine
At Bethlehem breathed above the Holy Boy,
Bore to my ear the Airs of Palestine, —
Not to the poet, but the man I bring
In friendship's fearless trust my offering:
How much it lacks I feel, and thou wilt see,
Yet well I know that thou hast deemed with me
Life all too earnest, and its time too short
For dreamy ease and Fancy's graceful sport.

To J. P.

April 5.

Sir Henry Havelock, 1795.

April 6.

John Pierpont, 1785.

April 7.

The violet by its mossy stone,
  The primrose by the river's brim,
And chance-sown daffodil, have found
  Immortal life through him.

The sunrise on his breezy lake,
  The rosy tints his sunset brought,
World-seen, are gladdening all the vales
  And mountain-peaks of thought.

Wordsworth.

Not vainly did old poets tell,
  Nor vainly did old genius paint
God's great and crowning miracle, —
  The hero and the saint!

For even in a faithless day
  Can we our sainted ones discern;
And feel, while with them on the way,
  Our hearts within us burn. Channing.

April 8.

I mourn no more my vanished years:
    Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
    My heart is young again.

The west-winds blow, and, singing low,
    I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
    Wide open to the sun. My Psalm.

April 7.

William Wordsworth, 1770; William E. Channing, 1780.

April 8.

April 9.

All lovely things, by thee beloved,
  Shall whisper to our hearts of thee ;
These green hills, where thy childhood roved, —
  Yon river winding to the sea, —
The sunset light of autumn eves
  Reflecting on the deep, still floods,
Clouds, crimson sky, and trembling leaves
  Of rainbow-tinted woods, —
These, in our view, shall henceforth take
A tenderer meaning for thy sake.

Lucy Hooper

April 10.

The years no charm from Nature take ;
  As sweet her voices call,
As beautiful her mornings break,
  As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,
  Kind voices speak my name,
And lips that find it hard to praise
  Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will !
  How fields, once lost or won,
Now lie behind me green and still
  Beneath a level sun !

My Birthday.

April 9.

April 10.

April 11.

Deeper than the gilded surface
Hath thy wakeful vision seen,
Farther than the narrow present
Have thy journeyings been.

Thou hast midst Life's empty noises
Heard the solemn steps of Time,
And the low mysterious voices
Of another clime. To ——.

But life shall on and upward go ;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats. The Reformer.

April 12.

The first drawn blood of Freedom's veins
Gushed where ye tread ;
Lo ! through the dusk the martyr-stains
Blush darkly red !

Beneath the slowly waning stars
And whitening day,
What stern and awful presence bars
That sacred way ?

What faces frown upon ye, dark
With shame and pain ?
Come these from Plymouth's Pilgrim bark ?
Is that young Vane ?

Moloch in State Street.

April 11.

Samuel May, 1810.

April 12.

Rendition of Thomas M. Simms, 1851.

April 13.

"Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love!
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above?"

. . . . . .

"Of its sturdy defenders,
Thy lady alone
Saw the cross-blazoned banner
Float over St. John."

St. John.

April 14.

The sweet spring day is clad with music,
But through it sounds a sadder strain;
The worthiest of our narrowing circle
Sings Loring's dirges o'er again.

. . . . . .

Why on this spring air comes no whisper
From him to tell us all is well?
Why to our flower-time comes no token
Of lily and of asphodel?

I feel the unutterable longing,
Thy hunger of the heart is mine;
I reach and grope for hands in darkness,
My ear grows sharp for voice or sign.

To Lydia Maria Child.

April 13.

Defence of her Fortress by Lady La Tour, 1645.

April 14.

Ellis Gray Loring, 1803.

April 15.

Burning, yet cold and drear and lone, —
A fire-mount in a frozen zone!

Like that the gray-haired sea-king passed,
Seen southward from his sleety mast,
About whose brows of changeless frost
A wreath of flame the wild winds tossed.

The Chapel of the Hermits.

Wherever love goes, there springs the true *heart's-ease*, rooting itself even in the polar ices.

My Summer with Dr. Singletary.

April 16.

Sad it is the mournful yew-tree
O'er his slumbers may not wave;
Sad it is the English daisy
May not blossom on his grave.

But his tomb shall storm and winter
Shape and fashion year by year,
Pile his mighty mausoleum,
Block by block, and tier on tier.

Lady Franklin.

The old voice filled the air! His last brave word
Not vainly France to all her boundaries stirred.
Strong as in life, he still for Freedom wrought,
As the dead Cid at red Toloso fought.

Thiers

April 15.

Sir James C. Ross, 1800; John Lothrop Motley, 1814.

April 16.

Sir John Franklin, 1786; Louis Adolphe Thiers, 1797.

April 17.

So spake Esaias : so, in words of flame,
Tekoa's prophet-herdsman smote with blame
The traffickers in men.

. . . . . .

Not vainly shalt thou cast upon our years
The solemn burdens of the Orient seers,
And smite with truth a guilty nation's ears.
Mightier was Luther's word
Than Seckingen's mailed arm or Hutton's sword !

To G. B. C.

April 18.

Yes, let them come ! from each green vale
Where England's old baronial halls
Still bear upon their storied walls
The grim crusader's rusted mail,
Battered by Paynim spear and brand
On Malta's rock or Syria's sand !
And mouldering pennon-staves once set
Within the soil of Palestine,
By Jordan and Genesaret ;
Or, borne with England's battle line,
O'er Acre's shattered turrets stooping,

. . . . . .

A holier summons now is given
Than that gray hermit's voice of old,
Which unto all the winds of heaven
The banners of the Cross unrolled !

The World's Convention.

April 17.

George B. Cheever, 1807.

April 18.

George William Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle, 1802.

April 19.

Swift as their summons came they left
The plow mid-furrow standing still,
The half-ground corn grist in the mill,
The spade in earth, the axe in cleft.

LEXINGTON.

The Puritan Spirit perishing not,
To Concord's yeomen the signal sent,
And spake in the voice of the cannon-shot
That severed the chains of a continent.
With its gentler mission of peace and good-will
The thought of the Quaker is living still,
And the freedom of soul he prophesied
Is gospel and law where the martyrs died.

THE KING'S MISSIVE

April 20.

Never in tenderer quiet lapsed the day
From Pennsylvania's vales of spring away,
Where, forest-walled, the scattered hamlets lay

Along the wedded rivers. One long bar
Of purple cloud, on which the evening star
Shone like a jewel on a scimitar,

Held the sky's golden gateway. Through the deep
Hush of the woods a murmur seemed to creep,
The Schuylkill whispering in a voice of sleep.

THE PENNSYLVANIA PILGRIM

April 19.

Lexington and Concord, 1775; Roger Sherman, 1721.

April 20.

William H. Furness, 1802; Henry T. Tuckerman, 1813.

April 21.

Talk not to me of woman's sphere,
Nor point with Scripture texts a sneer,
Nor wrong the manliest saint of all
By doubt, if he were here, that Paul
Would own the heroines who have lent
Grace to truth's stern arbitrament,
Foregone the praise to woman sweet,
And cast their crowns at Duty's feet.

Lines on a Fly-Leaf.

O friends whose hearts still keep their prime,
Whose bright example warms and cheers,
Ye teach us how to smile at Time,
And set to music all his years!

The Laurels.

April 22.

Falsehoods which we spurn to-day
Were the truths of long ago;
Let the dead boughs fall away,
Fresher shall the living grow.

Calef in Boston.

The pilgrim needs a pass no more
From Roman or Genevan;
Thought-free, no ghostly tollman keeps
Henceforth the road to Heaven!

A Spiritual Manifestation.

April 21.

April 22.

James Freeman, 1759

April 23.

"Human life," he would say, "is the same everywhere. If we could but get at the truth, we should find that all the tragedy and comedy of Shakespeare have been reproduced in this little village. God has made all of one blood; what is true of one man is in some sort true of another; manifestations may differ, but the essential elements and springs of action are the same."

My Summer with Dr. Singletary.

April 24.

And still the Pilgrim State remains
What she hath been;
Her inland hills, her seaward plains,
Still nurture men!

Nor wholly lost the fallen mart, —
Her olden blood
Through many a free and generous heart
Still pours its flood.

. . . . . .

Even now, the peal of bell and gun,
And hills aflame,
Tell of the first great triumph won
In Freedom's name.

Moloch in State Street.

April 23.

Shakespeare, 1564.

April 24.

Election of Charles Sumner to the U. S. Senate, 1851.

April 25.

The English revolution of the seventeenth century, while it humbled the false and oppressive aristocracy of rank and title, was prodigal in the development of the real nobility of the mind and heart. Its history is bright with the footprints of men whose very names still stir the hearts of freemen, the world over, like a trumpet peal. Say what we may of its fanaticism, laugh as we may at its extravagant enjoyment of newly acquired religious and civil liberty, who shall now venture to deny that it was the golden age of England?

John Bunyan.

April 26.

Her dark, dilating eyes expressed
The broad horizons of the west;
Her speech dropped prairie flowers; the gold
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

. . . . . .

Again the blackbirds sing; the streams
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,
And tremble in the April showers
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed
The sweet surprises of the wood;
And bird and flower are lost to her
Who was their best interpreter! The Singer.

April 25.

Oliver Cromwell, 1599; John Keble, 1792.

April 26.

Alice Cary, 1820; John Louis Uhland, 1787.

April 27.

Type of two mighty continents ! — combining
The strength of Europe with the warmth and glow
Of Asian song and prophecy, — the shining
Of Orient splendors over Northern snow !

To Kossuth.

" Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain
And Asian mountains borne,
The vigor of the Northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

" From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread ;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead."

The Tent on the Beach.

April 28.

Gallery of sacred pictures manifold,
A minster rich in holy effigies,
And bearing on entablature and frieze
The hieroglyphic oracles of old.
Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit ;
And the low chancel side-lights half acquaint
The eye with shrines of prophet, bard, and saint,
Their age-dimmed tablets traced in doubtful writ !

The Book.

April 27.

Louis Kossuth, 1806; Samuel F. B. Morse, 1791.

April 28.

Ezra Abbot, 1819; James Monroe, 1758.

April 29.

It is the voice of the pines yonder, — a sort of morning song of praise to the Giver of life and Maker of beauty. My Summer with Dr. Singletary.

Thanks, Mary ! for this wild-wood token
Of Freya's footsteps drawing near ;
Almost, as in the rune of Asgard,
The growing of the grass I hear.

It is as if the pine-trees called me
From ceilèd room and silent books,
To see the dance of woodland shadows,
And hear the song of April brooks !

First Flowers.

April 30.

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag ;
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,
. . . . . .
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story ;
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters.

The Merrimack.

April 29.

April 30.

Arrival of Capt. John Smith in New England, 1614.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

I WANDERED lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
  And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell
  Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
  Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
  And snow-drifts lingered under April skies.

As, pausing, o'er the lonely flower I bent,
I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged and pent,
  Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day
  And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

May.

THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter.

Sad Mayflower ! watched by winter stars,
And nursed by winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, "God be praised !" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here !"

"God wills it : here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

May 1.

That loud controversy, the sound whereof went over Christendom, awakening responses from beyond the Atlantic, has now died away; its watchwords no longer stir the blood of belligerent sermonizers; its very terms and definitions have well-nigh become obsolete and unintelligible. The hands which wrote and the tongues which spoke in that day are now all cold and silent; even Emmons, the brave old intellectual athlete of Franklin, now sleeps with his fathers, — the last of the giants. SAMUEL HOPKINS.

May 2.

I, who have spoken for freedom at the cost
Of some weak friendships, or some paltry prize
Of name or place, and more than I have lost
Have gained in wider reach of sympathies,
And free communion with the good and wise, —
May God forbid that I should ever boast
Such easy self-denial, or repine
That the strong pulse of health no more is mine.
. . . . . .
Nor lack I friends, long-tried and near and dear,
Whose love is round me like this atmosphere,
Warm, soft, and golden. PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

May 1.

Nathaniel Emmons, 1745; Joseph Addison, 1672.

May 2.

John Gorham Palfrey, 1796.

May 3.

The vales shall laugh in flowers, the woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and wind-flowers sway,
Against the throbbing heart of May.

The Clear Vision.

"I love you: on that love alone,
And not my worth, presuming,
Will you not trust for summer fruit
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hangbird overhead,
His hair-swung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle, —
The giving that is gaining.

Among the Hills.

May 4.

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
Beneath Besançon's alien sky,
And men shall learn to speak of thee,
As one of earth's great spirits, born
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,
In that strong majesty of soul
Which knows no color, tongue, or clime, —
Which still hath spurned the base control
Of tyrants through all time!

Toussaint L'Ouverture.

May 3.

May 4.

Toussaint joins the French, 1794.

May 5.

The years are many since, in youth and hope,
Under the Charter Oak, our horoscope
We drew thick-studded with all favoring stars.
. . . . . .
Alike we loved
The muses' haunts, and all our fancies moved
To measures of old song. How since that day
Our feet have parted from the path that lay
So fair before us! Rich, from lifelong search
Of truth, within thy Academic porch
Thou sittest now, lord of a realm of fact,
Thy servitors the sciences exact.

To Frederick A. P. Barnard.

May 6.

And all about the softening air
Of new-born sweetness tells,
And the ungathered May-flowers wear
The tints of ocean shells.

The old, assuring miracle
Is fresh as heretofore;
And earth takes up its parable
Of life from death once more.

Here organ-swell and church-bell toll
Methinks but discord were, —
The prayerful silence of the soul
Is best befitting her. Friend's Burial

May 5.

Frederick A. P. Barnard, 1809

May 6.

May 7.

And what abundant cause for thanks have I, that I have been safely landed on a shore so fair and pleasant, and enabled to open mine eyes in peace and love on so sweet a May morning!

Margaret Smith's Journal.

O, welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

Summer by the Lakeside.

May 8.

The snow of pearls I 'll scatter in your curls of golden hair,
I 'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;
All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot gay
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of gray.

. . . . . .

Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her garden-bower,
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than the flower.

King Volmer and Elsie.

May 7.

May 8.

May 9.

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS.

John Brown of Ossawatomie spake on his dying day:
"I will not have to shrive my soul a priest in Slavery's pay.
But let some poor slave-mother whom I have striven to free,
With her children, from the gallows-stair put up a prayer for me!"

JOHN BROWN OF OSSAWATOMIE.

May 10.

We follow where before us runs
The vision of the shining ones.

THE SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done!
And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.

May 9.

John Brown, 1800.

May 10.

Jared Sparks, 1789.

May 11.

'T was night. The tranquil moonlight smile
With which Heaven dreams of Earth, shed down
Its beauty on the Indian isle, —
On broad green field and white-walled town;
And inland waste of rock and wood,
In searching sunshine, wild and rude,
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,
Soft as the landscape of a dream,
All motionless and dewy wet,
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met.

Toussaint L'Ouverture.

May 12.

"And sweet and far, as from a star,
Replied a voice which shall not cease,
Till, drowning all the noise of war,
It sings the blessed song of peace!"

So to me, in a doubtful day
Of chill and slowly greening spring,
Low stooping from the cloudy gray,
The wild-birds sang or seemed to sing.

They vanished in the misty air,
The song went with them in their flight;
But lo! they left the sunset fair,
And in the evening there was light.

What the Birds Said

May 11.

May 12.

Robert C. Winthrop, 1809.

May 13.

My lady walks her morning round,
My lady's page her fleet greyhound,
My lady's hair the fond winds stir,
And all the birds make songs for her.

Her thrushes sing in Rathburn bowers,
And Rathburn side is gay with flowers;
But ne'er like hers, in flower or bird,
Was beauty seen or music heard.

THE HENCHMAN.

May 14.

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow!

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

May 13.

May 14.

May 15.

Glory to God forever!
Beyond the despot's will
The soul of Freedom liveth
Imperishable still.
The words which thou hast uttered
Are of that soul a part,
And the good seed thou hast scattered
Is springing from the heart.

. . . . . .

We will think of thee, O brother!
And thy sainted name shall be
In the blessing of the captive,
And the anthem of the free.

To Charles B. Storrs.

May 16.

Not vain the vision which the prophets saw,
Skirting with green the fiery waste of war,
Through the hot sand-gleam, looming soft and calm
On the sky's rim, the fountain-shading palm.
Still lives for Earth, which fiends so long have trod,
The great hope resting on the truth of God, —
Evil shall cease and Violence pass away,
And the tired world breathe free through a long Sabbath day.

To A. K.

May 15.

Charles B. Storrs, 1794.

May 16.

William H. Seward, 1801.

May 17.

Relic of Freedom's shrine! — a brand
  Plucked from its burning! — let it be
Dear as a jewel from the hand
  Of a lost friend to me! —

. . . . . .

If leaflets from some hero's tomb,
  Or moss-wreath torn from ruins hoary, —
Or faded flowers whose sisters bloom
  On fields renowned in story, —

. . . . . .

If it be true that things like these
  To heart and eye bright visions bring,
Shall not far holier memories
  To this memorial cling?

THE RELIC.

May 18.

Home of my heart! to me more fair
  Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,
The painted, shingly town-house where
  The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!
The simple roof where prayer is made,
  Than Gothic groin and colonnade;
The living temple of the heart of man,
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired
  Milan!

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

May 17.

Burning of Pennsylvania Hall, 1838.

May 18.

Samuel Hoar, 1778.

May 19.

And there he stands in memory to this day,
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen
Against the background of unnatural dark,
A witness to the ages as they pass,
That simple duty hath no place for fear.

Abraham Davenport.

Simple, cheerful faith in God as our great and good Father, and love of His children as our brethren, acted out in all relations and duties, is certainly best for this world, and we believe also the best preparation for that to come.

Fanaticism.

May 20.

These children of the meadows, born
Of sunshine and of showers!

How well the conscious wood retains
The pictures of its flower-sown home, —
The lights and shades, the purple stains,
And golden hues of bloom!

It was a happy thought to bring
To the dark season's frost and rime
This painted memory of spring,
This dream of summer-time.

Flowers in Winter.

May 19.

Dark Day, 1780; John Wilson, 1785.

May 20.

May 21.

The old poet prophets, all the world over, have sung of a renovated world. A vision of it haunted the contemplations of Plato. The World's End.

All the mystery of Being
Hath upon thy spirit pressed, —
Thoughts which, like the Deluge wanderer,
Find no place of rest:

That which mystic Plato pondered,
That which Zeno heard with awe,
And the star-rapt Zoroaster
In his night-watch saw. To ——

May 22.

Youthful years and maiden beauty,
Joy with them should still abide, —
Instinct take the place of Duty,
Love, not Reason, guide.

. . . . . .

But upon thy youthful forehead
Something like a shadow lies;
And a serious soul is looking
From thy earnest eyes.

With an early introversion,
Through the forms of outward things,
Seeking for the subtle essence,
And the hidden springs. To ——.

May 21.

Duchess of Sutherland, 1806; Elizabeth Fry, 1780;
Plato, B. C. 429.

May 22.

May 23.

Hood, under all his whims and oddities, conceals the vehement intensity of a reformer. The iron of the world's wrongs had entered into his soul; there is an undertone of sorrow in his lyrics.

Mirth and Medicine.

What matters it! — a few years more,
Life's surge so restless heretofore
Shall break upon the unknown shore!
. . . . . .
Before no work of mortal hand,
Of human will or strength, expand
The pearl gates of the Better Land.

Lines written in the Book of a Friend.

May 24.

For ages on our river borders,
These tassels in their tawny bloom,
And willowy studs of downy silver,
Have prophesied of Spring to come.

First Flowers.

At thy hour of noon,
While life was pleasant to thy undimmed sight,
And, day by day, within thy spirit grew
A holier hope than young Ambition knew,
As through thy rural quiet, not in vain,
Pierced the sharp thrill of Freedom's cry of pain,
Man of the millions, thou art lost too soon!

On the Death of Silas Wright.

May 23.

Thomas Hood, 1798; Margaret Fuller Ossoli, 1810.

May 24.

Linnæus, 1707; Silas Wright, 1795.

May 25.

Truth should be the first lesson of the child and the last aspiration of manhood; for it has been well said that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. CHARMS AND FAIRY FAITH.

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul.

MIRIAM.

Beyond the poet's sweet dream lives
The eternal epic of the man.

TENT ON THE BEACH.

May 26.

Has life's infancy only been provided for, and beyond this poor nursery-chamber of Time is there no play-ground for the soul's youth, no broad fields for its manhood? SCOTTISH REFORMERS.

"Never fear!
For heaven is love, as God himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above."
And when he looked, lo! in the stern monk's place
He saw the shining of an angel's face!

THE BROTHER OF MERCY.

May 25.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803.

May 26.

Joseph T. Buckminster, 1784.

May 27.

Before my soul a voice and vision passed,
Such as might Milton's jarring trump require,
Or glooms of Dante fringed with lurid fire.

THE PANORAMA.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our Future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

RAPHAEL.

May 28.

Said the Master to the youth:
"We have come in search of truth,
Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery;
We are reaching, through His laws,
To the garment-hem of Cause."
. . . . . .
As with fingers of the blind,
We are groping here to find
What the hieroglyphics mean
Of the Unseen in the seen,
What the Thought which underlies
Nature's masking and disguise,
What it is that hides beneath
Blight and bloom and birth and death.

THE PRAYER OF AGASSIZ.

May 27.

Dante Alighieri, 1265.

May 28.

Louis Agassiz, 1807.

May 29.

Soft words, smooth prophecies, are doubtless well;
But to rebuke the age's popular crime,
We need the souls of fire, the hearts of that old time!

The Men of Old.

Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;

And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and weapon strong,
In the power of truth assailing
Every form of wrong.

To ——.

May 30.

And lo! the fulness of the time has come,
And over all the exile's Western home,
From sea to sea the flowers of freedom bloom!

The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.

The garden rose may richly bloom
In cultured soil and genial air
To cloud the light of Fashion's room,
Or droop in Beauty's midnight hair;
In lonelier grace, to sun and dew
The sweetbrier on the hillside shows
Its single leaf and fainter hue,
Untrained and wildly free, yet still a sister rose!

The Bridal of Pennacook.

May 29.

Patrick Henry, 1736.

May 30.

Decoration Day.

May 31.

We may regret that in this stage of the spirit's life the sincere and self-denying worker is not always permitted to partake of the fruits of his toil or receive the honors of a benefactor.

Scottish Reformers.

He has done the work of a true man, —
  Crown him, honor him, love him.
Weep over him, tears of woman,
  Stoop manliest brows above him !
. . . . . .
No duty could overtask him,
  No need his will outrun ;
Or ever our lips could ask him,
  His hands the work had done.

To G. L. S

May 31.

John A. Andrew, 1818.

MY PLAYMATE.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low ;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear ;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

June.

JUNE ON THE MERRIMAC.

O DWELLERS in the stately towns,
What come ye out to see?
This common earth, this common sky,
This water flowing free?

As gayly as these kalmia flowers
Your door-yard blossoms spring;
As sweetly as these wild wood birds
Your cagéd minstrels sing.

You find but common bloom and green,
The rippling river's rune,
The beauty which is everywhere
Beneath the skies of June.

. . . . . .

From ceiléd rooms, from silent books,
From crowded car and town,
Dear Mother Earth, upon thy lap,
We lay our tired heads down.

Cool, summer wind, our heated brows;
Blue river, through the green
Of clustering pines, refresh the eyes
Which all too much have seen.

For us these pleasant woodland ways
Are thronged with memories old,
Have felt the grasp of friendly hands
And heard love's story told.

June 1.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
  Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
  And the same brook sings of a year ago.
There 's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
  And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
  Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

Telling the Bees.

June 2.

Bard, Sage, and Tribune! — in himself
  All moods of mind contrasting, —
The tenderest wail of human woe,
  The scorn-like lightning blasting;
The pathos which from rival eyes
  Unwilling tears could summon,
The stinging taunt, the fiery burst
  Of hatred scarcely human!

Mirth, sparkling like a diamond shower,
  From lips of life-long sadness;
Clear picturings of majestic thought
  Upon a ground of madness;
And over all Romance and Song
  A classic beauty throwing,
And laurelled Clio at his side
  Her storied pages showing.

Randolph of Roanoke.

June 1.

June 2.

John Randolph, 1773.

JUNE 3.

He entered into the work of reform with the enthusiasm and chivalry of a knight of the crusades. He had faith in human progress, — in the ultimate triumph of the good; millennial lights beaconed up all along his horizon. . . . "The most brilliant man I have met in America!" said George Thompson, as we left the hospitable door of our friend.

NATHANIEL P. ROGERS.

JUNE 4.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
. . . . . .
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast.

MAUD MULLER.

Our sweet illusions only die
Fulfilling love's sure prophecy;
And every wish for better things
An undreamed beauty nearer brings.

For fate is servitor of love;
Desire and hope and longing prove
The secret of immortal youth,
And Nature cheats us into truth.

SEEKING OF THE WATERFALL.

June 3.

Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, 1794.

June 4.

June 5.

So stood of old the holy Christ
  Amidst the suffering throng ;
With whom his lightest touch sufficed
  To make the weakest strong.

THE HEALER.

Then I said, my own heart throbbing
  To the time her proud pulse beat,
"Life hath its regal natures yet, —
  True, tender, brave, and sweet!"

THE HERO.

June 6.

As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,
  What worthier knight was found
To grace in Arthur's golden age
  The fabled Table Round ?

A voice, the battle's trumpet-note,
  To welcome and restore ;
A hand, that all unwilling smote,
  To heal and build once more !

A soul of fire, a tender heart
  Too warm for hate, he knew
The generous victor's graceful part
  To sheathe the sword he drew.

WILLIAM F. BARTLETT.

June 5.

June 6.

William Francis Bartlett, 1840

June 7.

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees.

. . . . . .

Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall ;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides !

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

June 8.

When the shadows veil the meadows,
And the sunset's golden ladders
Sink from twilight's walls of gray, —
From the window of my dreaming,
I can see his sickle gleaming,
Cheery-voiced, can hear him teaming
Down the locust-shaded way ;
But away, swift away,
Fades the fond, delusive seeming,
And I kneel again to pray.

THE RANGER.

June 7.

June 8.

June 9.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over ;
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams
From cool Chocorua stealing :
There 's iron in our Northern winds ;
Our pines are trees of healing.

Among the Hills.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky ;
And like the brook's low song, her voice, —
A sound which could not die. Gone.

June 10.

Thou art not here, thou art not there,
Thy place I cannot see ;
I only know that where thou art
The blessed angels be,
And heaven is glad for thee.

. . . . . .

Look forth once more through space and time,
And let thy sweet shade fall
In tenderest grace of soul and form
On memory's frescoed wall.
A shadow, and yet all ! A Sea Dream.

June 9.

June 10.

June 11.

O poet rare and old !
Thy words are prophecies ;
Forward the age of gold,
The new Saturnian lies. Astræa.

"Glad prophecy ! to this at last,"
The Reader said, "shall all things come.
Forgotten be the bugle's blast,
And battle-music of the drum.
A little while the world may run
Its old mad way, with needle-gun
And iron-clad, but truth, at last, shall reign :
The cradle-song of Christ was never sung in vain !"
The Tent on the Beach.

June 12.

Yes, let them gather ! — Summon forth
The pledged philanthropy of Earth,
From every land, whose hills have heard
The bugle blast of Freedom waking,
Or shrieking of her symbol-bird
From out his cloudy eyrie breaking :
Where Justice hath one worshipper,
Or truth one altar built to her ;
Where'er a human eye is weeping
O'er wrongs which Earth's sad children know.
The World's Convention.

JUNE 11.

Ben Jonson, 1574.

JUNE 12.

The World's Convention, 1840; Harriet Martineau, 1802.

June 13.

With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The Tent on the Beach

Is not Nature's worship thus,
Ceaseless ever, going on?
Hath it not a voice for us
In the thunder, or the tone
Of the leaf-harp faint and small?

Mogg Megone.

June 14.

O, sweet as the lapse of water at noon
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,
. . . . . .
So sweet, so dear, is the silvery tone
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,
As I sit at eve by her side alone,
And we read by turns from the self-same book,—
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

The Demon of the Study.

Classic, or wellnigh so, in Harriet Stowe's romance.

The Tent on the Beach.

June 13.

Thomas Arnold, 1795.

June 14.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, 1812.

June 15.

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.

The Pipes at Lucknow.

O Englishmen! — in hope and creed,
In blood and tongue our brothers!
We too are heirs of Runnymede;
And Shakespeare's fame and Cromwell's deed
Are not alone our mother's.

"Thicker than water," in one rill
Through centuries of story
Our Saxon blood has flowed, and still
We share with you its good and ill,
The shadow and the glory.

To Englishmen.

June 16.

As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top,
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in Heaven.

Tauler.

JUNE 15.

Signing of the Magna Charta at Runnymede, 1215.

JUNE 16.

Tauler (d.), 1361; William Jay, 1789.

June 17.

Preachers like Woolman, or like them who bore
The faith of Wesley to our Western shore.

THE PANORAMA.

Over the roofs of the pioneers
Gathers the moss of a hundred years;
On man and his works has passed the change
Which needs must be in a century's range.
The land lies open and warm in the sun,
Anvils clamor and mill-wheels run, —
Flocks on the hillsides, herds on the plain,
The wilderness gladdened with fruit and grain!

THE PREACHER.

June 18.

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love; — your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

THE REFORMERS OF ENGLAND.

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

LAUS DEO.

June 17.

Battle of Bunker Hill, 1775; John Wesley, 1703.

June 18.

George Thompson, 1804.

June 19.

The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!

Even so in our mortal journey
The bitter north-winds blow,
And thus upon life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

THE RED RIVER VOYAGEUR.

June 20.

Truth is one;
And, in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.

. . . . . .

The angels to our Aryan sires
Talked by the earliest household fires;
The prophets of the elder day,
The slant-eyed sages of Cathay,
Read not the riddle all amiss
Of higher life evolved from this.

MIRIAM

June 19.

St Boniface, 1009; Confucius, 551 B. C.

June 20.

June 21.

I hear again thy low replies,
  I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringèd lids of hazel eyes,
  With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
  Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers, and dewy leaves,
  And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Memories.

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

Maud Muller.

June 22.

The gray sky wears again its gold
  And purple of adorning,
And manhood's noonday shadows hold
  The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil
  From off the wings of pleasure,
The sky, that flecked the ground of toil
  With golden threads of leisure.

Burns.

June 21.

June 22.

June 23.

We should not forget that "the kingdom of heaven is within"; that it is the state and affections of the soul, the answer of a good conscience, the sense of harmony with God, a condition of time as well as of eternity. The Better Land.

The riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love
The ladder of his faith, and climbs above
On th' rounds of his best instincts.

In Quest.

June 24.

He has prospered in health and property, and thinks Labrador would be the finest country in the world if it only had heavy timber-trees.

My Summer with Dr. Singletary.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs
  Of frozen Labrador,
Floating spectral in the moonshine,
  Along the low, black shore!
Where like snow the gannet's feathers
  On Brador's rocks are shed,
And the noisy murr are flying,
  Like black scuds, overhead.

The Fishermen.

June 23.

June 24.

Discovery of Labrador by John Cabot, 1497.

June 25.

'T was an evening of beauty ; the air was perfume,
The earth was all greenness, the trees were all
bloom ;
And softly the delicate viol was heard,
Like the murmur of love or the notes of a bird.

And beautiful maidens moved down in the dance,
With the magic of motion and sunshine of glance ;
And white arms wreathed lightly, and tresses fell
free
As the plumage of birds in some tropical tree.

Cities of the Plain.

June 26.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine ;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer ;
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain, —
The thunder-organ of the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

The Tent on the Beach.

June 25.

June 26.

Philip Doddridge, *1702.*

June 27.

Thanks for thy gift
Of ocean flowers,
Born where the golden drift
Of the slant sunshine falls
Down the green, tremulous walls
Of water, to the cool still coral bowers,
Where, under rainbows of perpetual showers,
God's gardens of the deep
His patient angels keep ;
Gladdening the dim, strange solitude
With fairest forms and hues. To A. K.

June 28.

Wide open stood the chapel door ;
A sweet old music, swelling o'er
Low prayerful murmurs, issued thence,—
The Litanies of Providence !

Then Rousseau spake : " Where two or three
In His name meet, He there will be ! "
And then, in silence, on their knees
They sank beneath the chestnut-trees.

As to the blind returning light,
As daybreak to the Arctic night,
Old faith revived : the doubts of years
Dissolved in reverential tears.

The Chapel of the Hermits.

June 27.

June 28.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, 1712.

June 29.

Leaving on our right hand Plum Island (so called on account of the rare plums which do grow upon it), we struck into the open sea, and soon came in sight of the Islands of Shoals. There be seven of them in all, lying off the town of Hampton on the main-land, about a league.

Margaret Smith's Journal.

The Island still is purple with plums,
Up the river the salmon comes,
The sturgeon leaps, and the wild-fowl feeds
On hillside berries and marish seeds.

Prophecy of Samuel Sewall.

June 30.

From the radiant ranks of martyrs
  Notes of joy and praise he hears,
Songs of his poor land's deliverance
  Sounding from the future years.

Lo, he wakes! but airs celestial
  Bathe him in immortal rest,
And he sees with unsealed vision
  Scotland's cause with victory blest.

Shining hosts attend and guard him
  As he leaves his prison door;
And to death as to a triumph
  Walks the great MacCallum More!

The Dream of Argyle.

June 29.

Celia Thaxter, 1835.

June 30.

Archibald Campbell, ninth Earl of Argyle, (d.) 1685.

THE RIVER PATH.

No bird-song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still ;

No rustle from the birchen stem,
No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew ;

For, from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side
We saw the hill-tops glorified, —

A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.

. . . . . .

" So," prayed we, " when our feet draw near
The river dark, with mortal fear,

" And the night cometh chill with dew,
O Father ! let thy light break through ;

" So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide ;

" So let the eyes that fail on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth ! "

July.

SUMMER BY THE LAKESIDE.

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep,
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm! — O dark, still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim beckoning, through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and airs more bland,
And skies, — the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends!
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours, and ye are mine.

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

July 1.

In sweet accordancy of praise and love,
The singing waters run ;
And sunset mountains wear in light above
The smile of duty done.

Christian Tourists.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore. Eternal Goodness.

July 2.

As a people, we do not feel and live out our great Declaration. We lack faith in man, — confidence in simple humanity, apart from its environments. The Lighting up.

Then Freedom sternly said : "I shun
No strife nor pang beneath the sun,
When human rights are staked and won.

"I knelt with Ziska's hunted flock,
I watched in Toussaint's cell of rock,
I walked with Sidney to the block.

"The moor of Marston felt my tread,
Through Jersey snows the march I led,
My voice Magenta's charges sped."

The Watchers.

JULY 1.

John Farrar, 1779.

JULY 2.

Resolutions of Independence, 1776; Marston Moor, 1644.

July 3.

And still, in the summer twilights,
  When the river seems to run
Out from the inner glory,
  Warm with the melted sun,

The weary mill-girl lingers
  Beside the charméd stream,
And the sky and the golden water
  Shape and color her dream.

Cobbler Keezar's Vision.

July 4.

Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Snow-bound.

Our fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Centennial Hymn.

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun:
Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,
  All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one!

A Christmas Carmen.

July 3.

John Singleton Copley, 1738.

July 4.

Declaration of Independence, 1776; N. Hawthorne, 1804.

July 5.

The moated wall and battle-ship may fail,
But safe shall justice prove ;
Stronger than greaves of brass or iron mail
The panoply of love.

Freedom in Brazil.

Then the dreary shadows scattered, like a cloud in morning's breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these :
"Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving-kindness whose power is over all."

Cassandra Southwick.

July 6.

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken ?
Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken ?
Do the elements subtle reflections give ?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On Nature's infinite negative ?

The Palatine.

Why need we care to ask ? — who dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses ?

Among the Hills.

July 5.

David G. Farragut, 1801.

July 6.

John Flaxman, 1755.

July 7.

Over the woods and meadow-lands
A crimson-tinted shadow lay
Of clouds through which the setting day
Flung a slant glory far away.
It glittered on the wet sea-sands,
It flamed upon the city's panes,
Smote the white sails of ships that wore
Outward or in, and glided o'er
The steeples with their veering vanes!

The Preacher.

July 8.

We keep thy pleasant memory freshly green,
Of love's inheritance a priceless part,
Which Fancy's self, in reverent awe, is seen
To paint, forgetful of the tricks of art,
With pencil dipped alone in colors of the heart.

In Peace.

If, in the thronged and noisy mart,
The Muses found their son,
Could any say his tuneful art
A duty left undone?

New hands the wires of song may sweep,
New voices challenge fame;
But let no moss of years o'ercreep
The lines of Halleck's name.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

July 7.

July 8.

Maria Lowell, 1821; Fitz-Greene Halleck, 1790.

July 9.

If it is not permitted us to believe all things, we can at least hope them. Despair is infidelity and death. Temporally and spiritually, the declaration of inspiration holds good, — "*We are saved by hope.*"

Utopian Schemes.

Rejoice in hope! The day and night
Are one with God, and one with them
Who see by faith the cloudy hem
Of Judgment fringed with Mercy's light!

Astræa at the Capitol.

July 10.

That night with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said, —
The living seeking to the dead!

And still I prayed, "Lord, let me see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me!"

. . . . . .

Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.

The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul; — and the Three are One!

Trinitas.

July 9.

July 10.

John Calvin, 1509.

July 11.

O for the tongue of him who lies at rest
In Quincy's shade of patrimonial trees, —
Last of the Puritan tribunes and the best.

To Kossuth.

He rests with the immortals; his journey has been long:
For him no wail of sorrow, but a pæan full and strong!
So well and bravely has he done the work he found to do,
To justice, freedom, duty, God, and man forever true.

John Quincy Adams.

July 12.

Strong to the end, a man of men, from out the strife he passed;
The grandest hour of all his life was that of earth the last.

. . . . . .

'T is a strange and weird procession that is slowly moving on,
The phantom patriots gathered to the funeral of their son!
In shadowy guise they move along, brave Otis with hushed tread,
And Warren walking reverently by the father of the dead.

John Quincy Adams.

JULY 11.

John Quincy Adams, 1767.

JULY 12.

July 13.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the mowing-meadow,
And watched the gentle west-wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer heat
To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face
Had nothing mean or common, —
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

AMONG THE HILLS.

July 14.

How gladly would we forego the golden streets and gates of pearl, the thrones, temples, and harps, for the sunset lights of our native valleys; the woodpaths, whose moss carpets are woven with violets and wild flowers; the songs of birds, the low of cattle, the hum of bees in the apple-blossoms.

MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY.

No dreary splendors wait our coming
Where rapt ghost sits from ghost apart;
Homeward we go to Heaven's thanksgiving,
The harvest-gathering of the heart.

TO LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

July 13.

July 14.

July 15.

I am : how little more I know !
Whence came I ? Whither do I go ?
A centred self, which feels and is ;
A cry between the silences ;
A shadow-birth of clouds at strife
With sunshine on the hills of life ;
A shaft from Nature's quiver cast
Into the Future from the Past ;
Between the cradle and the shroud,
A meteor's flight from cloud to cloud.

QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

But this mysterious universe, through which, half veiled in its own shadow, our dim little planet is wheeling, with its star worlds and thought-wearying spaces, remains. AGENCY OF EVIL.

July 16.

Who wants eternal sunshine or shadow ? Who would fix forever the loveliest cloudwork of an autumn sunset, or hang over him an everlasting moonlight ? THE BEAUTIFUL.

And light is mingled with the gloom,
And joy with grief ;
Divinest compensations come,
Through thorns of judgment mercies bloom
In sweet relief. ANNIVERSARY POEM

July 15.

Galileo, 1564.

July 16.

July 17.

Have you not felt at times that our ordinary conceptions of heaven itself, derived from the vague hints and Oriental imagery of the Scriptures, are sadly inadequate to our human wants and hopes?

My Summer with Dr. Singletary.

Not for me the crowns of gold,
Palms, and harpings manifold;
Not for erring eye and feet
Jasper wall and golden street.
What thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive.

Andrew Rykman's Prayer.

July 18.

Yet, if the spirit gazing through
The vista of the past can view
One deed to Heaven and virtue true, —
If through the wreck of wasted powers,
Of garlands wreathed from Folly's bowers,
Of idle aims and misspent hours, —

The eye can note one sacred spot
By Pride and Self profaned not, —
A green place in the waste of thought, —
Better than Glory's pomp will be
That green and blessed spot to me,
A palm-shade in Eternity!

Lines in the Book of a Friend.

July 17.

Isaac Watts, 1674.

July 18.

July 19.

Not she who lightly laughed is there,
With scornful toss of midnight hair,
  Her dark, disdainful eyes,
  And proud lip worldly-wise.

With more than all her old-time pride
She walks the rye-field at his side,
  Careless of cot or hall,
  Since love transfigures all.

Rich beyond dreams, the vantage-ground
Of life is gained; her hands have found
  The talisman of old
  That changes all to gold.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

July 20.

She who could for love dispense
With all its glittering accidents,
  And trust her heart alone,
  Finds love and gold her own.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
  And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law
  Beyond its own sweet will!

AMY WENTWORTH

July 19.

July 20.

July 21.

Hard by a farmer hale and young
His cradle in the rye-field swung,
  Tracking the yellow plain
  With windrows of ripe grain.

And still, whene'er he paused to whet
His scythe, the sidelong glance he met
  Of large dark eyes, where strove
  False pride and secret love.

Be strong, young mower of the grain ;
That love shall overmatch disdain,
  Its instincts soon or late
  The heart shall vindicate.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

July 22.

In trance and dream of old, God's prophet saw
  The casting down of thrones. Thou, watching lone
  The hot Sardinian coast-line, hazy hilled,
  Where, fringing round Caprera's rocky zone
With foam, the slow waves gather and withdraw,
  Behold'st the vision of the seer fulfilled,
  And hear'st the sea-winds burdened with a sound
  Of falling chains, as, one by one, unbound,
The nations lift their right hands up and swear
  Their oath of freedom. GARIBALDI.

JULY 21.

JULY 22.

Garibaldi, 1807.

July 23.

Rough, bleak, and hard, our little State
Is scant of soil, of limits strait;
Her yellow sands are sands alone,
Her only mines are ice and stone!

Yet, on her rocks, and on her sands,
And wintry hills, the school-house stands,
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

OUR STATE.

Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice. SNOW-BOUND.

July 24.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white!

THE PALATINE.

"Never tell us that you 'll fail us,
Where the purple beach-plum mellows
On the bluffs so wild and gray.
Hasten, for the oars are falling;
Hark, our merry mates are calling:
Time it is that we were all in,
Singing tideward down the bay!"

THE RANGER.

July 23.

Charlotte Cushman, 1816.

July 24.

July 25.

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns, —

The voices loved of him who sang,
Where Tweed and Teviot glide,
That sound to-day on all the winds
That blow from Rydal-side.

CHILD-SONGS.

July 26.

I am groping for the keys
Of the heavenly harmonies ;
Still within my heart I bear
Love for all things good and fair.

ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers ! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

July 25.

July 26.

July 27.

If the stream had no quiet eddying place, could we so admire its cascade over the rocks? Were there no clouds, could we so hail the sky shining through them in its still calm purity?

The Beautiful.

The Night is mother of the Day,
  The Winter of the Spring,
And ever upon old Decay
  The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
  Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
  Has left his Hope with all!

A Dream of Summer.

July 28.

In blouse of gray, with fishing-rod,
Half screened by leaves, a stranger trod
  The margin of the pond,
  Watching the group beyond.

The supreme hours unnoted come;
Unfelt the turning tides of doom;
  And so the maids laughed on,
  Nor dreamed what Fate had done, —

  Nor knew the step was Destiny's
  That rustled in the birchen trees.

The Tent on the Beach.

July 27.

Thomas Campbell, 1777.

July 28.

July 29.

More than clouds of purple trail
  In the gold of setting day;
More than gleams of wing or sail
  Beckon from the sea-mist gray.

Glimpses of immortal youth,
  Gleams and glories seen and flown,
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,
  Airs from viewless Eden blown, —

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
  Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
  Shining feet that mock our haste.

THE VANISHERS.

July 30.

Our sweet Chaucer telleth of a mirror in the which he that looked did see all his past life; that magical mirror is no fable, for in the memory of love old things do return and show themselves as features do in the glass, with a perfect and most beguiling likeness. MARGARET SMITH'S JOURNAL.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,
  Its ears are open still,
And vigils with the past they keep
  Against or with my will.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

July 29.

Hiram Powers, 1805; Henri Alexis de Tocqueville, 1805.

July 30.

Samuel Rogers, 1763.

July 31.

The blessing of her quiet life
  Fell on us like the dew ;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed
  Like fairy blossoms grew.

Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds
  Were in her very look ;
We read her face, as one who reads
  A true and holy book. GONE.

Her path shall brighten more and more
  Unto the perfect day ;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
  Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
  The look of sins forgiven !
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
  Our own needs up to heaven !
THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

And hence this scene, in sunset glory warm, —
  Its woods around,
Its still stream winding on in light and shade,
Its soft, green meadows and its upland glade, —
  To me is holy ground. CHALKLEY HALL.

July 31.

Sarah Alden Ripley, 1793.

THE SUMMONS.

My ear is full of summer sounds,
  Of summer sights my languid eye ;
Beyond the dusty village bounds
I loiter in my daily rounds,
  And in the noon-time shadows lie.

I hear the wild bee wind his horn,
  The bird swings on the ripened wheat,
The long green lances of the corn
Are tilting in the winds of morn,
  The locust shrills his song of heat.

August.

PRELUDE.

Along the roadside, like the flowers of gold
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers
Hang motionless upon their upright staves.
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,
Confesses it. The locust by the wall
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.
A single hay-cart down the dusty road
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side,
The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers — gray heliotrope,
And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette —
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends
To the pervading symphony of peace.

August 1.

Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The vent'rous Macey passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle
Drew up his boat at last.

. . . . . .

And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand, —
Free as the waves that batter
Along her yielding land. The Exiles.

August 2.

Not his the golden pen's or lip's persuasion,
But a fine sense of right,
And Truth's directness, meeting each occasion
Straight as a line of light.

. . . . . .

Touched with a grief that needs no outward draping,
All swelled the long lament,
Of grateful hearts, instead of marble, shaping
His viewless monument! Joseph Sturge.

August 1.

Maria Mitchell, 1818; George Ticknor, 1791.

August 2.

Joseph Sturge, 1793; Joseph John Gurney, 1788.

August 3.

No sweeter bowers the bee delayed,
In wild Hymettus' scented shade,
Than those you dwell among;

. . . . . .

A charméd life unknown to death,
Immortal freshness Nature hath;
Her fabled fount and glen
Are now and here: Dodona's shrine
Still murmurs in the wind-swept pine, —
All is that e'er hath been. To ——.

August 4.

The glorious ideal of Shelley, who, atheist as he was through early prejudice and defective education, saw the horizon of the world's future kindling with the light of a better day, — that hope and that faith which constitute, as it were, the world's life, and without which it would be dark and dead, cannot be in vain. The World's End.

Somewhat of goodness, something true
From sun and spirit shining through
All faiths, all worlds, as through the dark
Of ocean shines the lighthouse spark,
Attests the presence everywhere
Of love and providential care. Miriam.

August 3.

August 4.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792.

August 5.

O lonely bay of Trinity,
O dreary shores, give ear!
. . . . . .
From world to world his couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of His stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.
What saith the herald of the Lord?
"The world's long strife is done;
Close wedded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one."

The Tent on the Beach.

August 6.

White-robed walked François Fenelon,
Stainless as Uriel in the sun!

The Chapel of the Hermits.

And Wales, from Snowden's mountain wall,
Shall startle at that thrilling call,
As if she heard her bards again;
And Erin's "harp on Tara's wall"
Give out its ancient strain,
Mirthful and sweet, yet sad withal,—
The melody which Erin loves,
When o'er that harp, 'mid bursts of gladness
And slogan cries and lyke-wake sadness,
The hand of her O'Connell moves!

The World's Convention.

August 5.

First Telegraphic Message across the Atlantic, 1858.

August 6.

François de Fénelon, 1651; Daniel O'Connell, 1775.

August 7.

There, gloomily against the sky
The Dark Isles rear their summits high;
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare,
Lifts its gray turrets in the air, —
Seen from afar, like some stronghold
Built by the ocean kings of old;
And, faint as smoke-wreath white and thin,
Swells in the north vast Katahdin:
And, wandering from its marshy feet,
The broad Penobscot comes to meet
And mingle with his own bright bay.
Slow sweep his dark and gathering floods,
Arched over by the ancient woods,
Which Time, in those dim solitudes,
Wielding the dull axe of Decay,
Alone hath ever shorn away.

Mogg Megone.

August 8.

Child of the forest! — strong and free,
Slight-robed, with loosely flowing hair,
She swam the lake or climbed the tree,
Or struck the flying bird in air.
O'er the heaped drifts of winter's moon
Her snow-shoes tracked the hunter's way;
And dazzling in the summer noon
The blade of her light oar threw off its shower of spray!

The Bridal of Pennacook.

August 7.

Arrival of D'Iberville at Penobscot, 1696.

August 8.

August 9.

White with its sun-bleached dust, the pathway winds
Before me ; dust is on the shrunken grass,
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass ;
Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,
While mounting with his dog-star high and higher
Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds
The burnished quiver of his shafts of fire.

Pictures.

August 10.

What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town ?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves shuts down !

In listless quietude of mind,
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind
And passive on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise and fall.

Hampton Beach.

August 9.

August 10.

August 11.

Earth's rocky tablets bear forever
The dint of rain and small bird's track :
. . . . . .
The bird that trod the mellow layers
Of the young earth is sought in vain ;
The cloud is gone that wove the sandstone,
From God's design, with threads of rain !

The First Flowers.

Shall these poor elements outlive
The mind whose kingly will they wrought ?
Their gross unconsciousness survive
Thy godlike energy of thought ? Follen.

August 12.

Far behind was Ocean striving
With his chains of sand.

The Fountain.

And there, on breezy morns, they saw
The fishing-schooners outward run,
Their low-bent sails in tack and flaw
Turned white or dark to shade and sun.
Sometimes, in calms of closing day,
They watched the spectral mirage play,
Saw low, far islands looming tall and nigh,
And ships, with upturned keels, sail like a sea
the sky. The Tent on the Beach.

August 11.

Jeffries Wyman, 1814.

August 12.

August 13.

Through him we hoped to speak the word
Which wins the freedom of a land;
And lift, for human right, the sword
Which dropped from Hampden's dying hand.

No wild enthusiast of the right,
Self-poised and clear, he showed alway
The coolness of his northern night,
The ripe repose of autumn's day. RANTOUL.

Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul! GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

August 14.

And when along the line of shore
The mists crept upward chill and damp,
Stretched, careless, on their sandy floor
Beneath the flaring lantern lamp,
They talked of all things old and new,
Read, slept, and dreamed as idlers do;
And in the unquestioned freedom of the tent,
Body and o'er-taxed mind to healthful ease unbent.
THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

August 13.

Robert Rantoul, 1805.

August 14.

August 15.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted:
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

My Triumph.

August 16.

Like warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys, and the paining jar
Through all will run.

My Soul and I.

Through wish, resolve, and act, our will
Is moved by undreamed forces still;
And no man measures in advance
His strength with untried circumstance.

Over-ruled.

August 15.

Walter Scott, 1771; Eliza Lee Follen, 1787.

August 16.

August 17.

Seeress of the misty Norland,
  Daughter of the Vikings bold,
Welcome to the sunny Vineland,
  Which thy fathers sought of old!

Soft as flow of Silja's waters,
  When the moon of summer shines,
Strong as Winter from his mountains
  Roaring through the sleeted pines.

Heart and ear, we long have listened
  To thy saga, rune, and song,
As a household joy and presence
  We have known and loved thee long.

Frederika Bremer.

August 18.

Sometimes a cloud, with thunder black,
  Stooped low upon the darkening main,
Piercing the waves along its track
  With the slant javelins of rain.
And when west-wind and sunshine warm
  Chased out to sea its wrecks of storm,
They saw the prismy hues in thin spray showers
Where the green buds of waves burst into white
  froth flowers.

The Tent on the Beach.

August 17.

Frederika Bremer, 1801.

August 18.

August 19.

Looking at the purity, wisdom, and sweetness of his life, who shall say that his faith in the teaching of the Holy Spirit — the interior guide and light — was a mistaken one ?

Introduction to Woolman's Journal.

All which glows in Pascal's pages, —
All which sainted Guion sought,
Or the blue-eyed German Rahel
Half-unconscious taught: —
Beauty, such as Goethe pictured,
Such as Shelley dreamed of, shed
Living warmth and starry brightness
Round that poor man's head.

To ——.

With a copy of Woolman's Journal.

August 20.

So sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.

. . . . . .

With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true Life its own renew.

The Meeting.

August 19.

John Woolman, 1720.

August 20.

August 21.

Older and slower, yet the same, files in the long
array,
And hearts are light and eyes are glad, though
heads are badger-gray.
. . . . . .
And haply with them, all unseen, old comrades,
gone before,
Pass, silently as shadows pass, within your open
door, —
The eagle face of Lindley Coates, brave Garrett's
daring zeal,
The Christian grace of Pennock, the steadfast heart
of Neal.

The Golden Wedding of Longwood.

August 22.

A glimmer of heat was in the air;
The dark green woods were still;
And the skirts of a heavy thunder-cloud
Hung over the western hill.
Black, thick, and vast arose that cloud
Above the wilderness,
As some dark world from upper air
Were stooping over this.
At times the solemn thunder pealed,
And all was still again,
Save a low murmur in the air
Of coming wind and rain. The Exiles.

August 21.

Thomas Garrett, 1783.

August 22.

August 23.

Who knows but that my idle verses
May leave some trace by Merrimack!

. . . . . .

So, when this fluid age we live in
Shall stiffen round my careless rhyme,
Who made the vagrant tracks may puzzle
The savans of the coming time:

And, following out their dim suggestions,
Some idly-curious hand may draw
My doubtful portraiture, as Cuvier
Drew fish and bird from fin and claw.

The First Flowers.

August 24.

The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and every tide;
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

Reformers of England.

Call him not heretic whose works attest
His faith in goodness by no creed confessed.
Whatever in love's name is truly done
To free the bound and lift the fallen one,
Is done to Christ. Whoso in deed and word
Is not against Him, labors for our Lord.

By their Works.

August 23.

Cuvier, 1769.

August 24.

William Wilberforce, 1759; Theodore Parker, 1810.

August 25.

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,
  From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
  O hundred-harbored Maine!

THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL.

Keep who will the city's alleys,
  Take the smooth-shorn plain, —
Give to us the cedar valleys,
  Rocks and hills of Maine!
In our North-land, wild and woody,
  Let us still have part:
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy,
  Hold us to thy heart!

THE LUMBERMEN.

August 26.

In sky and wave the white clouds swam,
And the blue hills of Nottingham
  Through gaps of leafy green
  Across the lake were seen, —

When, in the shadow of the ash
That dreams its dream in Attitash,
  In the warm summer weather,
  Two maidens sat together.

They sat and watched in idle mood
The gleam and shade of lake and wood.

THE MAIDS OF ATTITASH.

August 25.

John Neal, 1793.

August 26.

August 27.

Now in the west, the heavy clouds
Scattered and fell asunder,
While feebler came the rush of rain,
And fainter growled the thunder.

O, beautiful ! that rainbow span,
O'er dim Crane-neck was bended ; —
One bright foot touched the eastern hills,
And one with ocean blended.

The glory of the sunset heaven
On land and water lay, —
On the steep hills of Agawam,
On cape, and bluff, and bay.

THE EXILES.

August 28.

God bless New Hampshire ! — from her granite peaks
Once more the voice of Stark and Langdon speaks.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By many a Northern lake and hill,
From many a mountain pasture,
Shall Fancy play the Drover still,
And speed the long night faster.
Then let us on, through shower and sun,
And heat and cold, be driving ;
There 's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.

THE DROVERS.

August 27.

August 28.

John Stark, 1728; Jones Very, 1813.

August 29.

His laurels fresh from song and lay,
Romance, art, science, rich in all,
And young of heart, how dare we say
We keep his seventieth festival?

. . . . . .

His sparkling surface scarce betrays
The thoughtful tide beneath it rolled, —
The wisdom of the latter days,
And tender memories of the old.

. . . . . .

Long may he live to sing for us
His sweetest songs at evening time,
And, like his Chambered Nautilus,
To holier heights of beauty climb!

Our Autocrat.

August 30.

He ceased: just then the ocean seemed
To lift a half-faced moon in sight;
And, shore-ward, o'er the waters gleamed,
From crest to crest, a line of light,
Such as of old, with solemn awe,
The fishers by Gennesaret saw,
When dry-shod o'er it walked the Son of God,
Tracking the waves with light where'er his sandals trod.

The Tent on the Beach.

August 29.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1809.

August 30.

August 31.

The broad and pleasant "river of the Water of Life" glided peacefully before him, fringed "on either side with green trees, with all manner of fruit," and leaves of healing, with "meadows beautified with lilies, and green all the year long"; he saw the Delectable Mountains, glorious with sunshine, overhung with gardens and orchards and vineyards; and beyond all, the Land of Beulah, with its eternal sunshine, its song of birds, its music of fountains, its purple clustered vines, and groves through which walked the Shining Ones, silver-winged and beautiful.

What were bars and bolts and prison-walls to him, whose eyes were anointed to see, and whose ears opened to hear, the glory and the rejoicing of the City of God, when the pilgrims were conducted to its golden gates, from the black and bitter river, with the sounding trumpeters, the transfigured harpers with their crowns of gold, the sweet voices of angels, the welcoming peal of bells in the holy city, and the songs of the redeemed ones?

John Bunyan.

August 31.

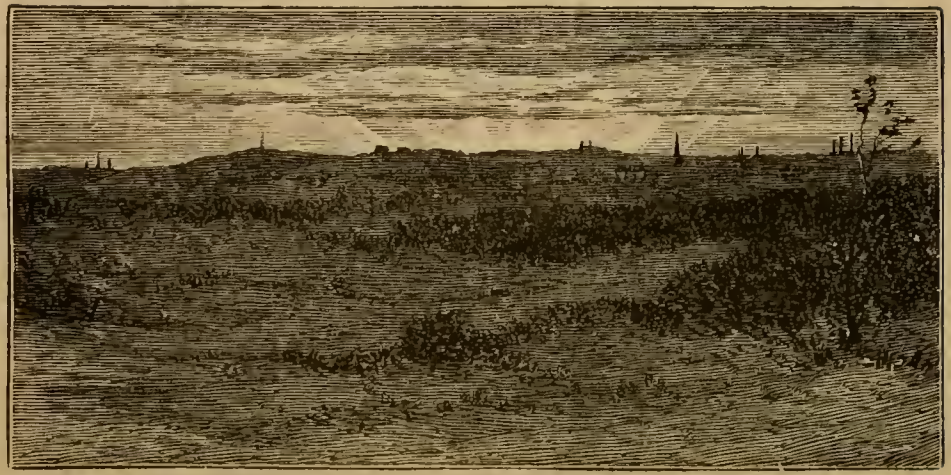
John Bunyan, (d.) 1688; Auguste de Staël-Holstein, 1790.

THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

When heats as of a tropic clime
Burned all our inland valleys through,
Three friends, the guests of summer time,
Pitched their white tent where seawinds blew.
Behind them, marshes, seamed and crossed
With narrow creeks, and flower-embossed,
Stretched to the dark oak wood, whose leafy arms
Screened from the stormy East the pleasant inland farms.

. . . . . .

They rested there, escaped awhile
From cares that wear the life away,
To eat the lotus of the Nile
And drink the poppies of Cathay, —
To fling their loads of custom down,
Like drift-weed, on the sand slopes brown,
And in the sea waves drown the restless pack
Of duties, claims, and needs that barked upon their track.



September.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

. . . . . .

Farewell! these smiling hills must wear
Too soon their wintry frown,
And snow-cold winds from off them shake
The maple's red leaves down.
But I shall see a summer sun
Still setting broad and low;
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom,
The golden water flow.
A lover's claim is mine on all
I see to have and hold, —
The rose-light of perpetual hills,
And sunsets never cold!

September 1.

September sunsets, changing forests, moonrise and cloud, sun and rain, — I for one am contented with them. They fill my heart with a sense of beauty. The World's End.

O, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay. Cassandra Southwick.

September 2.

Visionary! Were not the good St. Pierre, and Fénélon, and Howard, and Clarkson visionaries also? Fame and Glory.

A rustling as of wings in flight,
An upward gleam of lessening white,
So passed the vision, sound and sight.

But round me, like a silver bell
Rung down the listening sky to tell
Of holy help, a sweet voice fell.

"Still hope and trust," it sang; "the rod
Must fall, the wine-press must be trod,
But all is possible with God!"
The Watchers.

September 1.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1791.

September 2.

John Howard, 1726.

September 3.

Lo ! once again our feet we set
On still green wood-paths, twilight wet,
By lonely brooks, whose waters fret
  The roots of spectral beeches ;
Again the hearth-fire glimmers o'er
Home's whitewashed wall and painted floor,
And young eyes widening to the lore
  Of faery-folks and witches.

To my Sister.

The wonderland of childhood must henceforth be sought within the domains of truth. The strange facts of natural history, and the sweet mysteries of flowers and forests, and hills and waters, will profitably take the place of the fairy lore of the past, and poetry and romance still hold their accustomed seats in the circle of home.

Charms and Fairy Faith.

September 4.

Thou livest, Follen ! — not in vain
  Hath thy fine spirit meekly borne
The burthen of Life's cross of pain,
  And the thorned crown of suffering worn.

. . . . . .

Less dreary seems the untried way
  Since thou hast left thy footprints there,
And beams of mournful beauty play
  Round the sad Angel's sable hair.

Follen.

September 3.

September 4.

Charles Follen, 1796; Phœbe Cary, 1824.

September 5.

I draw a freer breath — I seem
Like all I see —
Waves in the sun — the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam —
And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind free.

Hampton Beach.

To the beach we all are going,
And, to save the task of rowing,
West by north the wind is blowing,
Blowing briskly down the bay!
Come away, come away!
Time and tide are swiftly flowing,
Let us take them while we may!

The Ranger.

September 6.

The great impulse of the French Revolution was not confined by geographical boundaries. Flashing hope into the dark places of the earth, far down among the poor and long oppressed, or startling the oppressor in his guarded chambers like that mountain of fire which fell into the sea at the sound of the apocalyptic trumpet, it agitated the world.

The Scottish Reformers.

Take heart from John de Matha! —
God's errands never fail!

The Mantle of St. John de Matha.

September 5.

September 6.

Lafayette, 1757.

September 7.

Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,
Like Apollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said.

Snow-Bound.

September 8.

The river wound as it should wind;
  Their place the mountains took;
The white torn fringes of their clouds
  Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
  Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
  That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
  Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
  Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim-remembered dream?
  Or glimpse through æons old?
The secret which the mountains kept
  The river never told.

A Mystery.

September 7.

Buffon, 1707.

September 8.

Francis Bowen, 1811; William Cranch Bond, 1789.

September 9.

Where yon oak his broad arms flingeth
O'er the sloping hill,
Beautiful and freshly springeth
That soft-flowing rill,
Through its dark roots wreathed and bare,
Gushing up to sun and air.

The Fountain.

There be fountains gushing up in the hearts of such, sweeter than the springs of water which flow from the hillsides, where they sojourn ; and therein, also, flowers of the summer do blossom all the year long. Margaret Smith's Journal.

September 10.

Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had "no mother to bring him milk and no wife to grind him corn."

The Beautiful.

And where the caravan
Winds o'er the desert, leaving, as in air
The crane-flock leaves, no trace of passage there,
He gives the weary eye
The palm-leaf shadow for the hot noon hours,
And on its branches dry
Calls out the acacia's flowers. To A. K.

September 9.

September 10.

Mungo Park, 1771.

September 11.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
  Till all our strivings cease ;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
  The beauty of thy peace.

The Brewing of Soma.

And when the Angel of Shadow
  Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching
  And our hearts faint at the oar,

Happy is he who heareth
  The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
  The chimes of eternal peace !

The Red River Voyageur

September 12.

O loved of thousands ! to thy grave,
  Sorrowing of heart, thy brethren bore thee.
The poor man and the rescued slave
  Wept as the broken earth closed o'er thee ;
And grateful tears, like summer rain,
Quickened its dying grass again !
And there, as to some pilgrim-shrine,
  Shall come the outcast and the lowly,
Of gentle deeds and words of thine
  Recalling memories sweet and holy !

Thomas Shipley

September 11.

September 12.

Samuel J. May, 1797.

September 13.

My outward ear fails me; yet I seem to hear as formerly the sound of the wind in the pines. I close my eyes; and the picture of my home is still before me. My Summer with Dr. Singletary.

At times I long for gentler skies,
And bathe in dreams of softer air,
But homesick tears would fill the eyes
That saw the Cross without the Bear.
The pine must whisper to the palm,
The north-wind break the tropic calm;
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty join. The Last Walk in Autumn.

September 14.

At last, a sudden night-storm tore
The mountain veils asunder.
. . . . . .
Through Sandwich notch the west-wind sang
Good-morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,
Once more the sunshine wearing,
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield
His grim armorial bearing.

Among the Hills.

September 13.

September 14.

September 15.

Lift we the twilight curtains of the Past,
And, turning from familiar sight and sound,
Sadly and full of reverence let us cast
A glance upon Tradition's shadowy ground,
Led by the few pale lights which, glimmering round
That dim, strange land of Eld, seem dying fast;
And that which history gives not to the eye,
The faded coloring of Time's tapestry,
Let Fancy, with her dream-dipped brush supply.

The Bridal of Pennacook.

September 16.

From the clefts of mountain rocks,
Through the dark of lowland firs,
Flash the eyes and flow the locks
Of the mystic Vanishers!

And the fisher in his skiff,
And the hunter on the moss,
Hear their call from cape and cliff,
See their hands the birch-leaves toss.

Wistful, longing, through the green
Twilight of the clustered pines,
In their faces rarely seen
Beauty more than mortal shines.

The Vanishers.

September 15.

James F. Cooper, 1789; James G. Percival, 1795

September 16.

September 17.

Honor to the true man ever, who takes his life in his hands, and, at all hazards, speaks the word which is given him to utter, whether men will hear or forbear, whether the end thereof is to be praise or censure, gratitude or hatred. It well may be doubted whether on that Sabbath day the angels of God, in their wide survey of His universe, looked upon a nobler spectacle than that of the minister of Newport, rising up before his slave-holding congregation, and demanding, in the name of the Highest, the "deliverance of the captive, and the opening of prison doors to them that were bound."

Samuel Hopkins.

September 18.

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring
All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard has sung
Or seer has told of when in trance and dream
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide
Between the right and wrong; but give the heart
The freedom of its fair inheritance.

Prelude to Among the Hills.

September 17.

Samuel Hopkins, 1721.

September 18.

Joseph Story, 1779.

September 19.

In Hauff's "Fortunes of Fairy-Lore," the heroine complains, to her mother Fancy, that the world has grown uncomfortably wise, and that the very children who used to love her so dearly have become too knowing for their tender age, and, no longer capable of wonder, laugh at her stories and turn their backs upon her. Preface to Child Life.

September 20.

How has New England's romance fled,
Even as a vision of the morning!
Its rites foredone, — its guardians dead, —
. . . . . .
Our witches are no longer old
And wrinkled beldames, Satan-sold,
But young and gay and laughing creatures,
With the heart's sunshine on their features, —
Their sorcery — the light which dances
Where the raised lid unveils its glances;
Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,
The music of Love's twilight hours,
Soft, dream-like, as a fairy's moan
Above her nightly closing flowers,
Sweeter than that which sighed of yore
Along the charmed Ausonian shore!

Extract from a New England Legend.

September 19.

September 20.

September 21.

Even the wild gales of the equinox have their varieties. Yankee Gypsies.

Varied as varying Nature's ways,
Sprites of the river, woodland fays,
Or mountain nymphs, ye seem;
Free-limbed Dianas on the green,
Loch Katrine's Ellen, or Undine,
Upon your favorite stream.

The forms of which the poets told,
The fair benignities of old,
Were doubtless such as you.

To ——

September 22.

He rose a man who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,
And outward trod
Into the glorious liberty of God.

The Proclamation.

O Lord, how long! — One human soul
Is more than any parchment scroll,
Or any flag thy winds unroll.

What price was Ellsworth's, young and brave?
How weigh the gift that Lyon gave,
Or count the cost of Winthrop's grave?

The Watchers.

September 21.

September 22.

Emancipation Proclamation, 1862; Theodore Winthrop, 1828.

September 23.

The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn ;
Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringéd lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given. My Psalm

To loving eyes alone they turn
The flowers of inward grace, that hide
Their beauty from the world outside.
The Pressed Gentian.

September 24.

Who shall say that we have not all the essentials of the poetry of human life and simple nature, of the hearth and the farm-field ? Robert Dinsmore.

Whoso wisely wills and acts may dwell
As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state,
With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make
His hour of leisure richer than a life
Of fourscore to the barons of old time,
Our yeoman should be equal to his home
Set in the fair, green valleys, purple walled,
A man to match his mountains, not to creep
Dwarfed and abased below them.
Prelude to Among the Hills.

SEPTEMBER 23.

Jane Taylor, 1783.

SEPTEMBER 24.

September 25.

To the infinite variety and picturesque inequality of Nature we owe the great charm of her uncloying beauty. Look at her primitive woods; scattered trees, with moist sward and bright mosses at their roots. The Beautiful.

Ask why the graceful grape entwines
The rough oak with her arm of vines;
And why the gray rock's rugged cheek
The soft lips of the mosses seek:
Why, with wise instinct, Nature seems
To harmonize her wide extremes!

The Bridal of Pennacook.

September 26.

And school-girls, gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks. The Huskers.

With cheeks of russet-orchard tint,
The light laugh of their native rills,
The perfume of their garden's mint,
The breezy freedom of the hills,
They bore, in unrestrained delight,
The motto of the Garter's knight,
Careless as if from every gazing thing
Hid by their innocence, as Gyges by his ring.

The Tent on the Beach.

September 25.

Felicia D. Hemans, 1794.

September 26.

September 27.

Invisible and silent stands
The temple never made with hands.

The Meeting.

It becomes all to hope and labor for the coming of that day when the hymns of Cowper and the Confessions of Augustine, the humane philosophy of Channing and the devout meditations of Thomas à Kempis, the simple essays of Woolman and the glowing periods of Bossuet, shall be regarded as the offspring of one spirit and one faith, — lights of a common altar, and precious stones in the temple of the one universal Church.

Pope Night.

September 28.

Who, in her greenwood shade,
Heard the sharp call that Freedom made,
And, answering, struck from Sappho's lyre
Of love the Tyrtæan carmen's fire.

Lines on a Fly-Leaf.

I call to mind the fountains by the way,
The breath of flowers, the bird-song on the spray,
Dear friends, sweet human loves, the joy of giving
And of receiving, the great boon of living
In grand historic years when Liberty
Had need of word and work. At Eventide.

September 27.

Bossuet, 1627; Samuel Adams, 1722.

September 28.

Sara J. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood), 1823.

September 29.

Erelong by lake and rivulet side
The summer roses paled and died,
And Autumn's fingers shed
The maple's leaves of red.

Through the long gold-hazed afternoon,
Alone, but for the diving loon,
The partridge in the brake,
The black duck on the lake,

Beneath the shadow of the ash
Sat man and maid by Attitash ;
And earth and air made room
For human hearts to bloom.

The Maids of Attitash.

September 30.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty ;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

. . . . . .

The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

Among the Hills.

September 29.

September 30.

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

THE summer warmth has left the sky,
The summer songs have died away ;
And, withered, in the footpaths lie
The fallen leaves, but yesterday
With ruby and with topaz gay.

The grass is browning on the hills ;
No pale, belated flowers recall
The astral fringes of the rills,
And drearily the dead vines fall,
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall.

Yet through the gray and sombre wood,
Against the dusk of fir and pine,
Last of their floral sisterhood,
The hazel's yellow blossoms shine,
The tawny gold of Afric's mine !

October.

THE CORN-SONG.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
  Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
  From out her lavish horn!

. . . . . .

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers,
  Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
  Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
  Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
  The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
  Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
  Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with autumn's moonlit eves,
  Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
  And bear the treasure home.

October 1.

Methinks I see the sunset light flooding the river valley, the western hills stretching to the horizon, overhung with trees gorgeous and glowing with the tints of autumn, — a mighty flower-garden, blossoming under the spell of the enchanter, Frost.

Pawtucket Falls.

Autumn's earliest frost had given
To the woods below
Hues of beauty, such as heaven
Lendeth to its bow;
And the soft breeze from the west
Scarcely broke their dreamy rest.

The Fountain.

October 2.

The Quaker, in the stillness of his self-communing, remembers that there was "silence in heaven."

The Better Land.

Why idly seek from outward things
The answer inward silence brings;
Why stretch beyond our proper sphere
And age, for that which lies so near?
Why climb the far-off hills with pain,
A nearer view of heaven to gain?
In lowliest depths of bosky dells
The hermit Contemplation dwells.

Questions of Life.

October 1.

October 2.

October 3.

The scenes now passing before us will live in eternal reproduction, created anew at will.

My Summer with Dr. Singletary.

The continuity of life is never broken ; the river flows onward and is lost to our sight ; but under its new horizon it carries the same waters which it gathered under ours, aud its unseen valleys are made glad by the offerings which are borne down to them from the past, — flowers, perchance, the germs of which its own waves had planted on the banks of Time.

Scottish Reformers.

October 4.

Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset laid
His head against the West, whose warm light made
His aureole ; and o'er him, sharp and clear,
Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching stayed,
A single level cloud-line, shone upon
By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,
Menaced the darkness with its golden spear !

Mountain Pictures.

Naked lay, in sunshine glowing,
Hills that once had stood
Down their sides the shadows throwing
Of a mighty wood.

The Fountain.

October 3.

George Bancroft, 1800.

October 4.

October 5.

In the church of the wilderness Edwards wrought,
Shaping his creed at the forge of thought ;
And with Thor's own hammer welded and bent
The iron links of his argument,
Which strove to grasp in its mighty span
The purpose of God and the fate of man !
Yet faithful still, in his daily round
To the weak, and the poor, and sin-sick found,
The schoolman's lore and the casuist's art
Drew warmth and life from his fervent heart.
Had he not seen in the solitudes
Of his deep and dark Northampton woods
A vision of love about him fall ? THE PREACHER.

October 6.

The sweet persuasion of His voice
  Respects thy sanctity of will.
He giveth day : thou hast thy choice
  To walk in darkness still ;

As one who, turning from the light,
  Watches his own gray shadow fall,
Doubting, upon his path of night,
  If there be day at all !

No word of doom may shut thee out,
  No wind of wrath may downward whirl,
No swords of fire keep watch about
  The open gates of pearl. THE ANSWER.

October 5.

Jonathan Edwards, 1703.

October 6.

October 7.

A genial, jovial, large-hearted old man, simple as a child, and betraying, neither in look nor manner, that he was accustomed to

> "Feed on thoughts which voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers."

Peace to him! . . . In the ancient burial-ground of Windham, by the side of his "beloved Molly," and in view of the old meeting-house, there is a mound of earth, where, every spring, green grasses tremble in the wind, and the warm sunshine calls out the flowers. There, gathered like one of his own ripe sheaves, the farmer poet sleeps with his fathers.

Robert Dinsmore.

October 8.

From East, from West, from South and North,
The messages of hope shot forth,
And, underneath the severing wave,
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still
The new, the dreary void shall fill
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city! — from thee throw
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe;
And build, as to Amphion's strain,
To songs of cheer thy walls again!

Chicago.

October 7.

Robert Dinsmore, 1757.

October 8.

Chicago Fire, 1871.

October 9.

The narrow room had vanished, — space,
Broad, luminous, remained alone,
Through which all hues and shapes of grace
And beauty looked or shone. RAPHAEL.

The Beauty which old Greece or Rome
Sung, painted, wrought, lies close at home ;
We need but eye and ear
In all our daily walks to trace
The outlines of incarnate grace,
The hymns of gods to hear ! TO ——.

October 10.

The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health ;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.
OUR STATE.

Grinding on, each in his iron harness, invisible, yet shaking by his regulated and repressed power his huge prison-house from basement to capstone, is it true that the genii of mechanism are really at work here, raising us, by wheel and pulley, steam and water-power, slowly up that inclined plane from whose top stretches the broad table-land of promise ? THE CITY OF A DAY.

October 9.

Harriet G. Hosmer, 1830.

October 10.

Daniel Treadwell, 1791; Benjamin West, 1738.

October 11.

They heard the air above them fanned,
A light step on the sward,
And lo! they saw before them stand
The angel of the Lord!

"Arise," he said, "why look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind,
Your loss may yet restore?

A Lay of Old Time.

October 12.

Grateful smiles my lips unseal,
As, remembering thee, I blend
Olden teacher, present friend,
Wise with antiquarian search,
In the scrolls of State and Church:
. . . . . .
Threshing Time's neglected sheaves,
Gathering up the scattered leaves
Which the wrinkled sibyl cast
Careless from her as she passed, —
. . . . . .
Time is hastening on, and we
What our fathers are shall be, —
Shadow-shapes of memory!
Joined to that vast multitude
Where the great are but the good.

To my Old Schoolmaster.

October 11.

October 12.

Joshua Coffin, 1792; Hugh Miller, 1802.

October 13.

A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is Good.

Requirement.

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest-chambers,
Open to sunrise and the birds!

A Memorial.

October 14.

Penn, while preaching up and down the land, and writing theological folios and pamphlets, could yet urge the political rights of Englishmen, mount the hustings for Algernon Sydney, and plead for unlimited religious liberty. Richard Baxter.

All the foregleams of wisdom in santon and sage,
In prophet and priest, are our true heritage.
The Word which the reason of Plato discerned;
The truth, as whose symbol the Mithra-fire burned;
The soul of the world which the Stoic but guessed,
In the Light Universal the Quaker confessed!

The Quaker Alumni.

October 13.

Alpheus Crosby, 1810.

October 14.

William Penn, 1644.

October 15.

More dear to me some song of private worth,
Some homely idyl of my native North,
Some summer pastoral of her inland vales
Or, grim and weird, her winter fireside tales
Haunted by ghosts of unreturning sails, —
Lost barks at parting hung from stem to helm
With prayers of love like dreams on Virgil's elm.

The Panorama.

Not where they seem their signals fly,
Their voices while we listen die.

The Seeking of the Waterfall.

October 16.

What flecks the outer gray beyond
The sundown's golden trail?
The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,
Or gleam of slanting sail?

The Dead Ship of Harpswell.

Thy symbol be the mountain-bird,
Whose glistening quill I hold;
Thy home the ample air of hope,
And memory's sunset gold!

In thee, let joy with duty join,
And strength unite with love,
The eagle's pinions folding round
The warm heart of the dove!

On receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior.

October 15.

Virgil, 70 B. C.; Allan Ramsay, 1686.

October 16.

October 17.

Soft spread the carpets of the sod,
And scarlet-oak and golden-rod
  With blushes and with smiles
  Lit up the forest aisles.

The mellow light the lake aslant,
The pebbled margin's ripple-chant
  Attempered and low-toned,
  The tender mystery owned.

And through the dream the lovers dreamed
Sweet sounds stole in and soft lights streamed ;
  The sunshine seemed to bless,
  The air was a caress.

The Maids of Attitash.

October 18.

Now let the merriest tales be told,
  And let the sweetest songs be sung
  That ever made the old heart young !

For now the lost has found a home ;
  And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
  As all the household joys return !

O, pleasantly the harvest-moon,
  Between the shadow of the mows,
  Looked on them through the great elm-boughs!

The Witch's Daughter.

October 17.

October 18.

October 19.

The stream is brightest at its spring,
And blood is not like wine;
Nor honored less than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line.

Amy Wentworth.

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

The Moral Warfare.

No seers were they, but simple men;
Its vast results the future hid.

Lexington.

October 20.

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Benedicite.

October 19.

John Adams, 1735; Deborah Logan. 1761.

October 20.

October 21.

Brainard, who truly deserves the name of an American poet, has left behind him a ballad on the Indian legend of the black fox which haunted Salmon River, a tributary of the Connecticut. Its wild and picturesque beauty causes us to regret that more of the still lingering traditions of the red men have not been made the themes of his verse : —

"The ball to kill that fox is run
Not in a mould by mortals made ;
The arrow which that fox should shun
Was never shaped from earthly reed."

Charms and Fairy Faith.

October 22.

A wizard of the Merrimack, —
So old ancestral legends say, —
Could call green leaf and blossom back
To frosted stem and spray.

. . . . . .

The settler saw his oaken flail
Take bud, and bloom before his eyes ;
From frozen pools he saw the pale,
Sweet summer lilies rise.
To their old homes, by man profaned,
Came the sad dryads, exiled long,
And through their leafy tongues complained
Of household use and wrong.

Flowers in Winter.

October 21.

John G. C. Brainard, 1796; Alphonse de Lamartine, 1792.

October 22.

October 23.

Know we not our dead are looking
Downward with a sad surprise,
All our strife of words rebuking
With their mild and loving eyes?
Shall we grieve the holy angels? Shall we cloud
their blessed skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerly, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is
not day! LINES.

October 24.

A faint, low murmur, rising and falling on the wind. Now it comes rolling in upon me wave after wave of sweet, solemn music. There was a grand organ swell; and now it dies away as into the infinite distance; but I still hear it, — whether with ear or spirit I know not, — the very ghost of sound. MY SUMMER WITH DR. SINGLETARY.

What sings the brook? What oracle
Is in the pine-tree's organ swell?
What may the wind's low burden be?
The meaning of the moaning sea?
QUESTIONS OF LIFE.

October 23.

October 24.

October 25.

He who lies where the minster's groined arches curve down
To the tomb-crowded transept of England's renown,
The glorious essayist, by genius enthroned,
Whose pen as a sceptre the Muses all owned, —

. . . . . .

How vainly he labored to sully with blame
The white bust of Penn, in the niche of his fame!

. . . . . .

For the sake of his gifts, and the works that outlive him,
And his brave words for freedom, we freely forgive him!

The Quaker Alumni.

October 26.

What hast thou wrought for Right and Truth,
For God and Man?

My Soul and I.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be, —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

My Triumph.

October 25.

Thomas Babington Macaulay, 1800.

October 26.

October 27.

O silent land, to which we move,
Enough if there alone be love,
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
What it is waiting to bestow!

O white soul! from that far-off shore
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,
With the old voice we loved so well!

The Singer.

October 28.

This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we spin. The Crisis.

God blesses still the generous thought
And still the fitting word He speeds
And Truth, at his requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds. Channing.

Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.
In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain
Evil and cherish good, so shall there be
Another and a happier life for thee. Conduct.

October 27.

October 28.

October 29.

There came a change. The wild, glad mood
Of unchecked freedom passed.
Amid the ancient solitude
Of unshorn grass and waving wood,
And waters glancing bright and fast,
A softened voice was in my ear,
Sweet as those lulling sounds and fine
The hunter lifts his head to hear,
Now far and faint, now full and near —
The murmur of the wind-swept pine.

Mogg Megone.

October 30.

What is really momentous and all-important with us is the present, by which the future is shaped and colored.

The Better Land.

The Present, the Present is all thou hast
For thy sure possessing ;
Like the patriarch's angel hold it fast
Till it gives its blessing.

My Soul and I.

Wake, sleeper, from thy dream of ease,
The great occasion's forelock seize ;
And let the north-wind strong,
And golden leaves of autumn, be
Thy coronal of Victory
And thy triumphal song.

Pennsylvania.

October 29.

October 30.

If it be true that, according to Cornelius Agrippa, "a wood fire doth drive away dark spirits," it is, nevertheless, also true that around it the simple superstitions of our ancestors still love to linger; and there the half-sportful, half-serious charms of which I have spoken are oftenest resorted to.

. . . . . .

Within the circle of the light of the open fire safely might the young conjurers question destiny; for none but kindly and gentle messengers from Wonderland could venture among them. And who of us, looking back to those long autumnal evenings of childhood when the glow of the kitchen-fire rested on the beloved faces of home, does not feel that there is truth and beauty in what the quaint old author just quoted affirms? "As the spirits of darkness grow stronger in the dark, so good spirits, which are angels of light, are multiplied and strengthened, not only by the divine light of the sun and stars, but also by the light of our common wood-fires." CHARMS AND FAIRY FAITH.

October 31.

Halloween.

THE HUSKERS.

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

. . . . . .

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

November.

THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN.

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands
  Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,
I see, beyond the valley lands,
  The sea's long level dim with rain.
Around me all things, stark and dumb,
Seem praying for the snows to come,
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn
  atone.

Along the river's summer walk,
  The withered tufts of asters nod ;
And trembles on its arid stalk
  The hoar plume of the golden-rod.
And on a ground of sombre fir,
And azure-studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet
  wild-rose !

November 1.

The sun rises through a soft and hazy atmosphere; the light mist-clouds melt gradually away before him; and his noontide light rests warm and clear on still woods, tranquil waters, and grasses green with the late autumnal rains. Taking Comfort.

Full long our feet the flowery ways
Of peace have trod,
Content with creed and garb and phrase:
A harder path in earlier days
Led up to God. Anniversary Poem.

November 2.

It was in a degree, at least, the influence of Stephen Grellet and William Allen . . . . that drew the attention of Alexander I. of Russia to the importance of taking measures for the abolition of Serfdom. Introduction to Woolman's Journal

No aimless wanderers, by the fiend Unrest
Goaded from shore to shore;
No schoolmen, turning, in their classic quest,
The leaves of empire o'er.
Simple of faith, and bearing in their hearts
The love of man and God,
Isles of old song, the Moslem's ancient marts,
And Scythia's steppes, they trod.

The Christian Tourists.

November 1.

Sir Matthew Hale, 1609.

November 2.

Stephen Grellet, 1773.

November 3.

The poetical literature of our country can scarcely be said to have a longer date than that of a single generation. It really commenced with Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and Dana's "Buccaneer."

Songs of Three Centuries.

We praise not now the poet's art,
The rounded beauty of his song;
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

To Bryant on his Birthday.

November 4.

I would strive to reverence man as man, irrespective of his birth-place. The City of a Day.

Earnest words must needs be spoken
When the warm heart bleeds or burns
With its scorn of wrong, or pity
For the wronged, by turns.

What the Voice Said.

Did we dare
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever his right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

Laus Deo.

November 3.

William Cullen Bryant, 1794; Theodore Dwight Weld, 1803.

November 4.

Stephen C. Phillips, 1801; James Montgomery, 1771.

November 5.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,
In strong and hearty German.

The Shoemakers.

The tissue of the Life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The Past shall reappear. Raphael.

November 6.

From people to people the original God-given impulse towards civilization and perfection has been transmitted, as from Egypt to Greece, and thence to the Roman world.

Recreations and Miscellanies.

So welcome I from every source
The tokens of that primal Force,
Older than heaven itself, yet new
As the young heart it reaches to,
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls
The tidal wave of human souls;
Guide, comforter, and inward word,
The eternal spirit of the Lord! Miriam.

November 5.

Hans Sachs, 1494; Washington Allston, 1779.

November 6.

Cornelius C. Felton, 1807.

November 7.

"As sweet and good is young Kathleen
As Eve before her fall;"
So sang the harper at the fair,
So harped he in the hall.

"O come to me, my daughter dear!
Come sit upon my knee,
For looking in your face, Kathleen,
Your mother's own I see!"

He smoothed and smoothed her hair away,
He kissed her forehead fair;
It is my darling Mary's brow,
It is my darling's hair! KATHLEEN.

November 8.

Our faith in a better day for the race is strong.
FAME AND GLORY.

Transformed he saw them passing
Their new life's portal!
Almost it seemed the mortal
Put on the immortal.
No more with the beasts of burden,
No more with stone and clod,
But crowned with glory and honor
In the image of God!
HOWARD AT ATLANTA.

November 7.

November 8.

Oliver Otis Howard, 1830; William Wirt, 1772.

November 9.

The brave old strife the fathers saw
For Freedom calls for men again
Like those who battled not in vain
For England's Charter, Alfred's law;
And right of speech and trial just
Wage in your name their ancient war
With venal courts and perjured trust.
God's ways seem dark, but, soon or late,
They touch the shining hills of day;
. . . . . .
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time!

To Friends under Arrest.

November 10.

Smile not, fair unbeliever!
One man, at least, I know,
Who might wear the crest of Bayard
Or Sidney's plume of snow.

True as the knights of story,
Sir Lancelot and his peers,
Brave in his calm endurance
As they in tilt of spears.

Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

The Hero.

November 9.

Elijah P. Lovejoy, 1802; Samuel E. Sewall, 1799.

November 10.

Samuel Gridley Howe, 1801; Martin Luther, 1483.

November 11.

Though flowers have perished at the touch
  Of Frost, the early comer,
I hail the season loved so much,
  The good St. Martin's summer.

. . . . . .

My autumn time and Nature's hold
  A dreamy tryst together,
And, both grown old, about us fold
  The golden-tissued weather.

. . . . . .

O stream of life, whose swifter flow
  Is of the end forewarning,
Methinks thy sundown afterglow
  Seems less of night than morning!

St. Martin's Summer.

November 12.

The "Call to the Unconverted," and the "Saints' Everlasting Rest," belong to no time or sect. They speak the universal language of the wants and desires of the human soul. They take hold of the awful verities of life and death, righteousness and judgment to come. Through them the suffering and hunted minister of Kidderminster has spoken in warning, entreaty, and rebuke, or in tones of tenderest love and pity, to the hearts of the generations which have succeeded him.

Richard Baxter.

November 11.

St Martin's Summer; Thomas Bailey Aldrich, 1836.

November 12.

Richard Baxter, 1615; Amelia Opie, 1769.

November 13.

The fourteen centuries fall away
  Between us and the Afric saint,
And at his side we urge, to-day,
The immemorial quest and old complaint.

No outward sign to us is given, —
  From sea or earth comes no reply;
Hushed as the warm Numidian heaven
He vainly questioned, bends our frozen sky.

No victory comes of all our strife, —
  From all we grasp the meaning slips;
The Sphinx sits at the gate of life,
With the old question on her awful lips.

The Shadow and the Light.

November 14.

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
  The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
  A gray-winged vapor sails.

. . . . . .

The flowers will blow, the river flow,
  When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine
  Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
  Of him who loved them well.

Sunset on the Bearcamp.

November 13.

St Augustine, 354.

November 14.

November 15.

The terse realism of the "Buccaneer," with its stern pictures of life and nature drawn with few strokes sharp and vigorous as those of Retzsch's outlines, left the weak imitators of an artificial school without an audience.

Songs of Three Centuries.

As Nürnberg sang while Wittenberg defied,
And Kranach painted by his Luther's side,
And through the war-march of the Puritan
The silver stream of Marvell's music ran,
So let the household melodies be sung,
The pleasant pictures on the wall be hung.

Amy Wentworth.

November 16.

And cheering echoes shall reply
From the hoar Alps, which sentinel
The gateways of the land of Tell,
Where morning's keen and earliest glance
On Jura's rocky wall is thrown.

The World's Convention.

The home-pressed question of the age can find
No answer in the catch-words of the blind
Leaders of blind. Solution there is none
Save in the Golden Rule of Christ alone.

The Problem.

November 15.

Richard H. Dana, 1787; Andrew Marvell, 1620.

November 16.

Battle of Morgarten, 1315; John Bright, 1811.

November 17.

Nor fear I aught that science brings
From searching through material things;
Content to let its glasses prove,
Not by the letter's oldness move,
The myriad worlds on worlds that course
The spaces of the universe;
Since everywhere the Spirit walks
The garden of the heart, and talks
With man, as under Eden's trees,
In all his varied languages. Miriam.

November 18.

The myrtle with its snowy bloom,
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom, —
The white cecropia's silver rind
Relieved by deeper green behind, —
The orange with its fruit of gold, —
The lithe paullinia's verdant fold, —
The passion-flower, with symbol holy,
Twining its tendrils long and lowly!
Toussaint L'Ouverture.

As in the old Teutonic ballad
Live singing bird and flowering tree,
Together live in bloom and music,
I blend in song thy flowers and thee.
The First Flowers

November 17.

November 18.

Asa Gray, 1810.

November 19.

Our voices take
A sober tone; our very household songs
Are heavy with a nation's griefs and wrongs;
And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake
Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat,
The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet!

To S. E. and H. W. S.

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath vicarious power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

Thy Will be done.

November 20.

God's hand within the shadow lays
The stones whereon His gates of praise
Shall rise at last.

. . . . . .

Yet trouble springs not from the ground,
Nor pain from chance;
The Eternal order circles round,
And wave and storm find mete and bound
In Providence. Anniversary Poem.

November 19.

James A. Garfield, 1831.

November 20.

November 21.

" The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs ;
He 's asking for my nuts, I know :
May I not feed them on the snow ? "

. . . . . .

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke :
" Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak, —
Come, black old crow, — come, poor blue-jay,
Before your supper 's blown away !
Don't be afraid, we all are good ;
And I 'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood ! "

Red Riding-Hood.

November 22.

O Thou whose care is over all,
Who heedest even the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest !
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness !

. . . . . .

Unmoved by sentimental grief
That wails along some printed leaf,
But, prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
The promise of Red Riding-Hood !

Red Riding-Hood.

November 21.

November 22.

November 23.

Very serious and impressive is the fact that this idea of a radical change in our planet is not only predicted in the Scriptures, but that the Earth herself, in her primitive rocks and varying formations, on which are lithographed the history of successive convulsions, darkly prophesies of others to come.

The World's End.

My spirit bows in gratitude
Before the Giver of all good,
Who fashioned so the human mind,
That, from the waste of Time behind
A simple stone, or mound of earth,
Can summon the departed forth ;
. . . . . .
And in their primal freshness show
The buried forms of long ago.

The Norsemen.

November 24.

Give and receive ; go forth and bless
The world that needs the hand and heart
Of Martha's helpful carefulness
No less than Mary's better part.
So shall the stream of time flow by
And leave each year a richer good,
And matron loveliness outvie
The nameless charm of maidenhood.

At School-Close.

November 23.

November 24.

November 25.

On Autumn's gray and mournful grave the snow
Hung its white wreaths ; with stifled voice and low
The river crept, by one vast bridge o'ercrossed,
Built by the hoar-locked artisan of Frost.

And many a Moon in beauty newly born
Pierced the red sunset with her silver horn,
Or, from the east, across her azure field
Rolled the wide brightness of her full-orbed shield.

At Pennacook.

November 26.

Forever round the Mercy-seat
The guiding lights of Love shall burn.

The Answer.

Thou hast seen two streamlets gushing
From one fountain, clear and free,
But by widely varying channels
Searching for the sea.

What the Voice Said.

And, if the tender ear be jarred
That, haply, hears by turns
The saintly harp of Olney's bard,
The pastoral pipe of Burns,
No discord mars His perfect plan
Who gave them both a tongue ;
For he who sings the love of man
The love of God hath sung !

Burns Festival.

November 25.

November 26.

William Cowper, 1731 ; Sarah Moore Grimké, 1792

November 27.

The oak has fallen !
While, meet for no good work, the vine
May yet its worthless branches twine.
Who knoweth not that with thee fell
A great man in our Israel ?
Fallen, while thy loins were girded still,
Thy feet with Zion's dews still wet,
And in thy hand retaining yet
The pilgrim's staff and scallop-shell !

DANIEL WHEELER.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

November 28.

The threads our hands in blindness spin
No self-determined plan weaves in ;
The shuttle of the unseen powers
Works out a pattern not as ours.

Ah ! small the choice of him who sings
What sound shall leave the smitten strings ;
Fate holds and guides the hand of art ;
The singer's is the servant's part.

OVER-RULED.

November 27.

Daniel Wheeler, 1771.

November 28.

William Blake, 1757.

November 29.

O for the white plume floating
Sad Zutphen's field above, —
The lion heart in battle,
The woman's heart in love !

The Hero.

Every question which was thrown up before him by the waves of political or moral agitation he measured by his standard of right and truth, and condemned or advocated it, in utter disregard of prevailing opinions. William Leggett.

Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own. The Hero.

November 30.

Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine !
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less,
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie !

The Pumpkin.

November 29.

Sir Philip Sidney, 1554; Wendell Phillips, 1811.

November 30.

THE PUMPKIN.

Ah ! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and
from West,
From North and from South come the pilgrim and
guest,
When the gray-haired New-Englander sees round
his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once
more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled
before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin
pie ?

O, — fruit loved of boyhood ! — the old days re-
calling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts
were falling !
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within !
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts
all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin, — our lantern the
moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her
team !

December.

SNOW-BOUND.

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.

. . . . . .

In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell ;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.

. . . . . .

The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes ; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall, or belt of wood ;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road ;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

December 1.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie,
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by!
Better with naked nerve to bear
The needles of this goading air,
Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego
The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know.

Last Walk in Autumn.

December 2.

With clearer light, Cross of the South, shine forth
In blue Brazilian skies;

. . . . . .

And thou, great-hearted ruler, through whose mouth
The word of God is said,
Once more, "Let there be light!" —
Son of the South,
Lift up thy honored head,
Wear unashamed a crown by thy desert
More than by birth thy own,
Careless of watch and ward; thou art begirt
By grateful hearts alone.

. . . . . .

Thy future is secure;
Who frees a people makes his statue's place
In Time's Valhalla sure.

Freedom in Brazil.

December 1.

December 2.

Pedro II., 1825.

December 3.

We need, methinks, the prophet-hero still,
Saints true of life, and martyrs strong of will,
To tread the land, even now, as Xavier trod
The streets of Goa, barefoot, with his bell,
Proclaiming freedom in the name of God.

The Men of Old.

Still all attuned to nature's melodies,
He loved the bird's song in his dooryard trees,
And the low hum of home-returning bees.

The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.

December 4.

Revive the old heroic will ;
Be in the right as brave and strong
As ye have proved yourselves in wrong.

. . . . . .

Then buried be the dreadful past,
Its common slain be mourned, and let
All memories soften to regret.

Then shall the Union's mother-heart
Her lost and wandering ones recall,
Forgiving and restoring all, —

And Freedom break her marble trance
Above the Capitolian dome,
Stretch hands, and bid ye welcome home !

To the Thirty-ninth Congress.

December 3.

St. Francis Xavier (d.), 1552; Robert Bloomfield, 1766.

December 4.

Assembling of the Thirty-ninth Congress, 1865.

December 5.

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the sombre green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible. SNOW-BOUND.

December 6.

Quench the timber's fallen embers,
Quench the red leaves in December's
  Hoary rime and chilly spray.
But the hearth shall kindle clearer,
Household welcomes sound sincerer,
Heart to loving heart draw nearer,
  When the bridal bells shall say:
  "Hope and pray, trust alway;
Life is sweeter, love is dearer,
  For the trial and delay!" THE RANGER.

December 5.

December 6.

December 7.

The great charm of Scottish poetry consists in its simplicity, and genuine, unaffected sympathy with the common joys and sorrows of daily life. It is a home-taught, household melody. It calls to mind the pastoral bleat on the hillsides, the kirk-bells of a summer Sabbath, the song of the lark in the sunrise. Robert Dinsmore.

Sweet airs of love and home, the hum
  Of household melodies,
Come singing, as the robins come
  To sing in door-yard trees.
And, heart to heart, two nations lean,
  No rival wreaths to twine,
But blending in eternal green
  The holly and the pine!

Burns Festival.

December 8.

The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

. . . . . .

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

Snow-Bound.

December 7.

Allan Cunningham, 1784.

December 8.

December 9.

The spirit of the stern old republican remained to the last unbroken. The Training.

Think ye the notes of holy song
  On Milton's tuneful ear have died?
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng
  Has vanished from his side?

O no! — We live our life again;
  Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,
The pictures of the Past remain, —
  Man's works shall follow him!

Raphael.

December 10.

From lips that Sinai's trumpet blew
  We heard a tender undersong;
Thy very wrath from pity grew,
  From love of man thy hate of wrong.

Now past and present are as one;
  The life below is life above;
Thy mortal years have but begun
  The immortality of love.

Go, leave behind thee all that mars
  The work below of man for man;
With the white legions of the stars
  Do service such as angels can.

Garrison.

December 9.

John Milton, 1608.

December 10.

William Lloyd Garrison, 1805.

December 11.

Here, where the forest opens southward,
Between its hospitable pines,
As through a door, the warm sun shines.

The Pageant.

So, in those winters of the soul,
By bitter blasts and drear
O'erswept from Memory's frozen pole,
Will sunny days appear.
Reviving Hope and Faith, they show
The soul its living powers,
And how beneath the winter's snow
Lie germs of summer flowers!

A Dream of Summer.

December 12.

It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is,
That He remembereth we are dust!

Snow-Bound.

December 11.

December 12.

John Jay, 1745; Frederick H. Hedge, 1805.

December 13.

The Churchman, listening to the solemn chant of vocal music or the deep tones of the organ, thinks of the song of the elders and the golden harps of the New Jerusalem. The Better Land.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

. . . . . .

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

Tent on the Beach.

December 14.

What miracle of weird transforming
In this wild work of frost and light,
This glimpse of glory infinite !

This foregleam of the Holy City
Like that to him of Patmos given,
The white bride coming down from heaven !

. . . . . .

Yon maple, like the bush of Horeb,
Burns unconsumed : a white, cold fire
Rays out from every grassy spire.

The Pageant.

December 13.

Phillips Brooks, 1835.

December 14.

December 15.

Beautiful in her holy peace as one
Who stands, at evening, when the work is done,
Glorified in the setting of the sun !

Her memory makes our common landscape seem
Fairer than any of which painters dream,
Lights the brown hills and sings in every stream ;

For she whose speech was always truth's pure gold
Heard, not unpleased, its simple legends told,
And loved with us the beautiful and old.

Introduction to Home Ballads.

December 16.

Lo ! By the Merrimack Whitefield stands
In the temple that never was made by hands, —
Curtains of azure, and crystal wall,
And dome of the sunshine over all ! —
A homeless pilgrim, with dubious name
Blown about on the winds of fame ;
Now as an angel of blessing classed,
And now as a mad enthusiast.

The Preacher.

Ours the old, majestic temple,
Where God's brightness shines
Down the dome so grand and ample,
Propped by lofty pines !

The Lumbermen.

December 15.

Mary May, 1788.

December 16.

George Whitefield, 1714; Jane Austen, 1775.

December 17.

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

. . . . . .

O Freedom ! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine ! PROEM.

O East and West ! O morn and sunset twain
No more forever ! — has he lived in vain
Who, priest of Freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his lips of gold ?
THOMAS STARR KING.

December 18.

How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town !
Ring and swing,
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad !
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God ! LAUS DEO.

December 17.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807; Thomas Starr King, 1824.

December 18.

Constitutional Amendment abolishing Slavery, 1865.

December 19.

By his life alone,
Gracious and sweet, the better way was shown.

The Pennsylvania Pilgrim.

The holiest task by Heaven decreed,
An errand all divine,
The burden of our common need
To render less is thine.

The Healer.

For man the living temple is :
The mercy-seat and cherubim,
And all the holy mysteries,
He bears with him.

The Hermit of the Thebaid.

December 20.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat ;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed.

Snow-Bound.

December 19.

John Ware, 1795; Edwin M. Stanton, 1814.

December 20.

December 21.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
  Its shadow round us draws ;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
  Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns erelong shall bring
  To life the frozen sod ;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
  Afresh the flowers of God !

So live the fathers in their sons,
  Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
  Its rocky strength with flowers.

The May-flowers.

December 22.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace ;
East, west, north, and south let the long quarrel cease :
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man !
  Hark ! joining in chorus
  The heavens bend o'er us !
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun.

A Christmas Carmen.

December 21.

Landing of the Pilgrims, 1620.

December 22.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, 1823.

December 23.

What sang the bards of old? What meant
The prophets of the Orient?
The rolls of buried Egypt, hid
In painted tomb and pyramid?
What mean Idúmea's arrowy lines,
Or dusk Elora's monstrous signs?
How speaks the primal thought of man
From the grim carvings of Copan?

. . . . . .

In vain to me the Sphinx propounds
The riddle of her sights and sounds;
Back still the vaulted mystery gives
The echoed question it receives.

Questions of Life.

December 24.

Nothing fails of its end. Out of sight sinks the stone,
In the deep sea of time, but the circles sweep on,
Till the low-rippled murmurs along the shores run,
And the dark and dead waters leap glad in the sun.

Meanwhile shall we learn, in our ease, to forget
To the martyrs of Truth and of Freedom our debt?—
Hide their words out of sight, like the garb that they wore,
And for Barclay's Apology offer one more?

The Quaker Alumni.

December 23.

Jean François Champollion, 1790; Robert Barclay, 1648.

December 24.

December 25.

The Christian, whose inward eyes and ears are touched by God, discerns the coming of Christ, hears the sound of his chariot-wheels and the voice of his trumpet, when no other perceives them.

The World's End.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around,
In vain the minster turret lift
Its brazen weights of sound.
The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

Our Master.

December 26.

Nature does not, as far as I can perceive, work with square and compass, ... She eschews regular outlines. She does not shape her forms by a common model. Not one of Eve's numerous progeny in all respects resembles her who first culled the flowers of Eden. The Beautiful.

Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it.

Among the Hills.

December 25.

Sir Isaac Newton, 1642.

December 26.

Mary Somerville, 1780; Thomas Gray, 1716.

December 27.

Above, below, in sky and sod,
In leaf and spar, in star and man,
Well might the wise Athenian scan
The geometric signs of God,
The measured order of his plan.

. . . . . .

The theme befitting angel tongues
Beyond a mortal's scope has grown.
O heart of mine! with reverence own
The fulness which to it belongs,
And trust the unknown for the known.

The Over-heart.

December 28.

To a generation as eager as the ancient Athenians for some new thing, simple legends of the past . . . . have undoubtedly lost in a great degree their interest. The lore of the fireside is becoming obsolete, and with the octogenarian few who still linger among us will perish the unwritten history of border life in New England.

The Boy Captives.

Where be now these silent hosts?
Where the camping-ground of ghosts?
Where the spectral conscripts led
To the white tents of the dead?

The Grave by the Lake.

December 27.

John Kepler, 1571 ; Oliver Johnson, 1809.

December 28.

Catharine M. Sedgwick, 1789.

December 29.

Then one, the beauty of whose eyes
Was evermore a great surprise,
  Tossed back her queenly head,
  And, lightly laughing, said, —

No bridegroom's hand be mine to hold
That is not lined with yellow gold ;
  I tread no cottage-floor ;
  I own no lover poor.

"My love must come on silken wings,
With bridal lights of diamond rings."

The Maids of Attitash.

December 30.

The other, on whose modest head
Was lesser dower of beauty shed,
  With look for home-hearths meet,
  And voice exceeding sweet,

Answered, — "We will not rivals be ;
Take thou the gold, leave love to me ;
  Mine be the cottage small,
  And thine the rich man's hall.

"I know, indeed, that wealth is good ;
But lowly roof and simple food,
  With love that hath no doubt,
  Are more than gold without."

The Maids of Attitash.

December 29.

December 30.

A lettered magnate, lording o'er
An ever-widening realm of books.

. . . . . .

The old, dead authors thronged him round about,
And Elzevir's gray ghosts from leathern graves looked out.

. . . . . .

Pleasant it was to roam about
The lettered world as he had done,
And see the lords of song without
Their singing robes and garlands on.
With Wordsworth paddle Rydal mere,
Taste rugged Elliott's home-brewed beer,
And with the ears of Rogers, at four-score,
Hear Garrick's buskined tread and Walpole's wit once more. THE TENT ON THE BEACH.

The day is breaking in the East of which the prophets told,
And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian Age of Gold ;
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to clerkly pen,
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs stand up as men ;
The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stamboul's Golden Horn ! THE CRISIS.

December 31.

James T. Fields, 1817; Alexander II., 1818.

MY BIRTHDAY.

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow
Lies dead my latest year ;
The winter winds are wailing low
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind
As if a loss befell ;
Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well !

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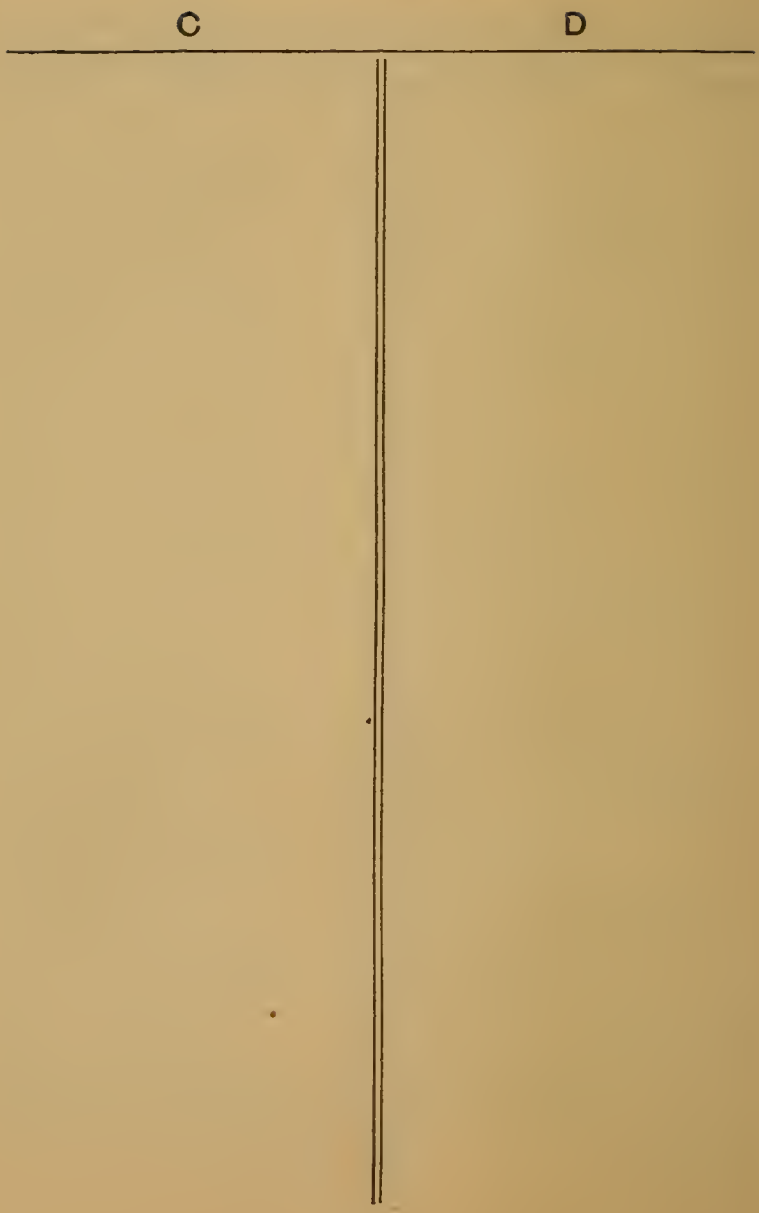
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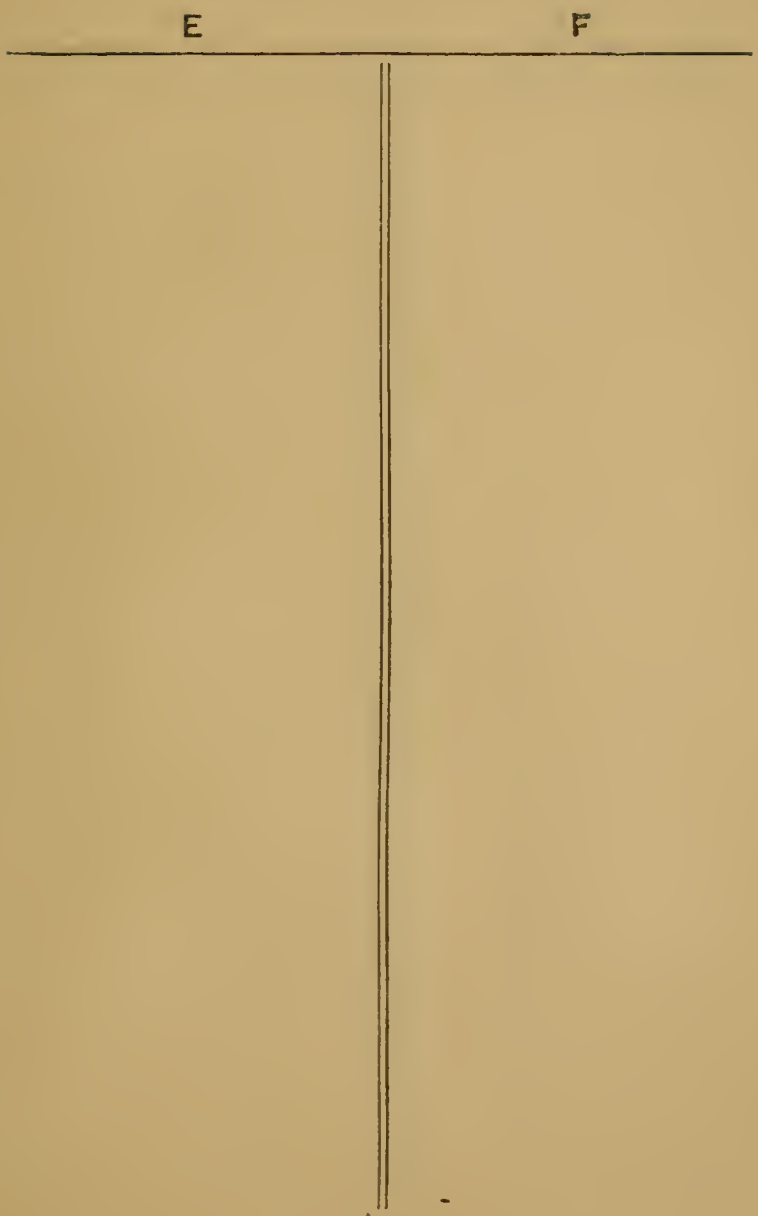
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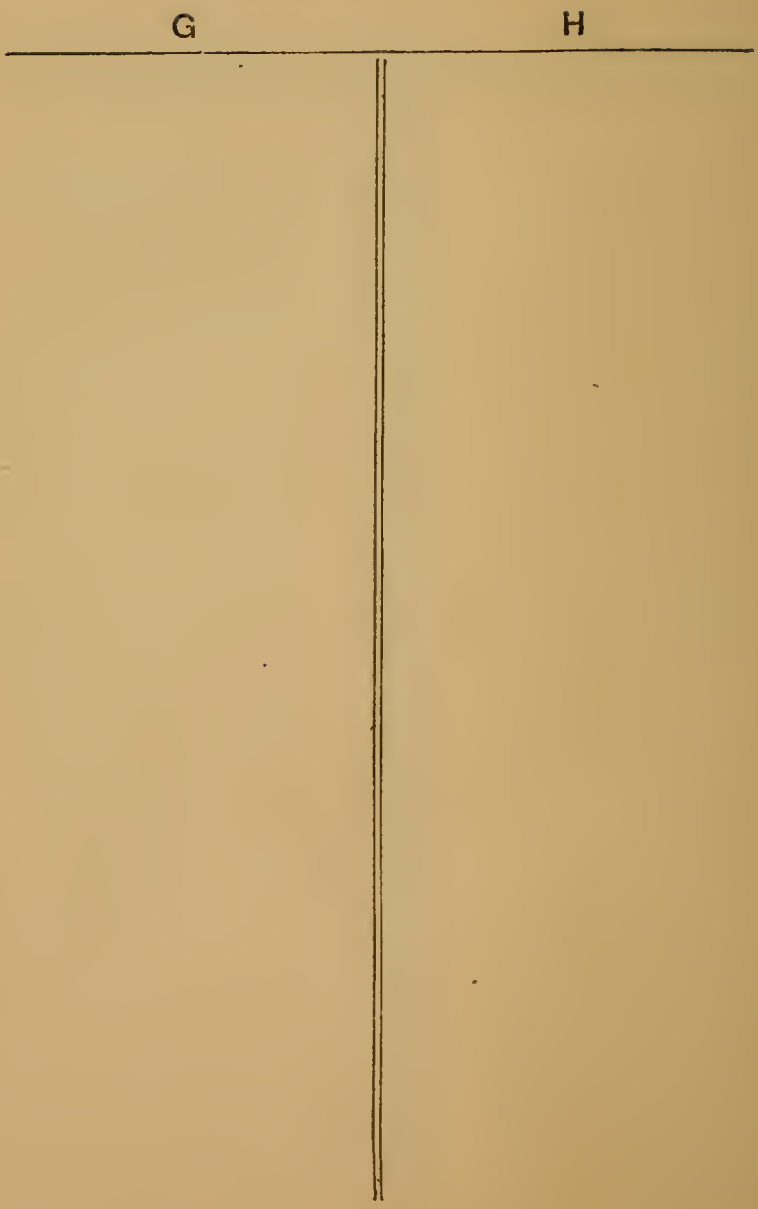
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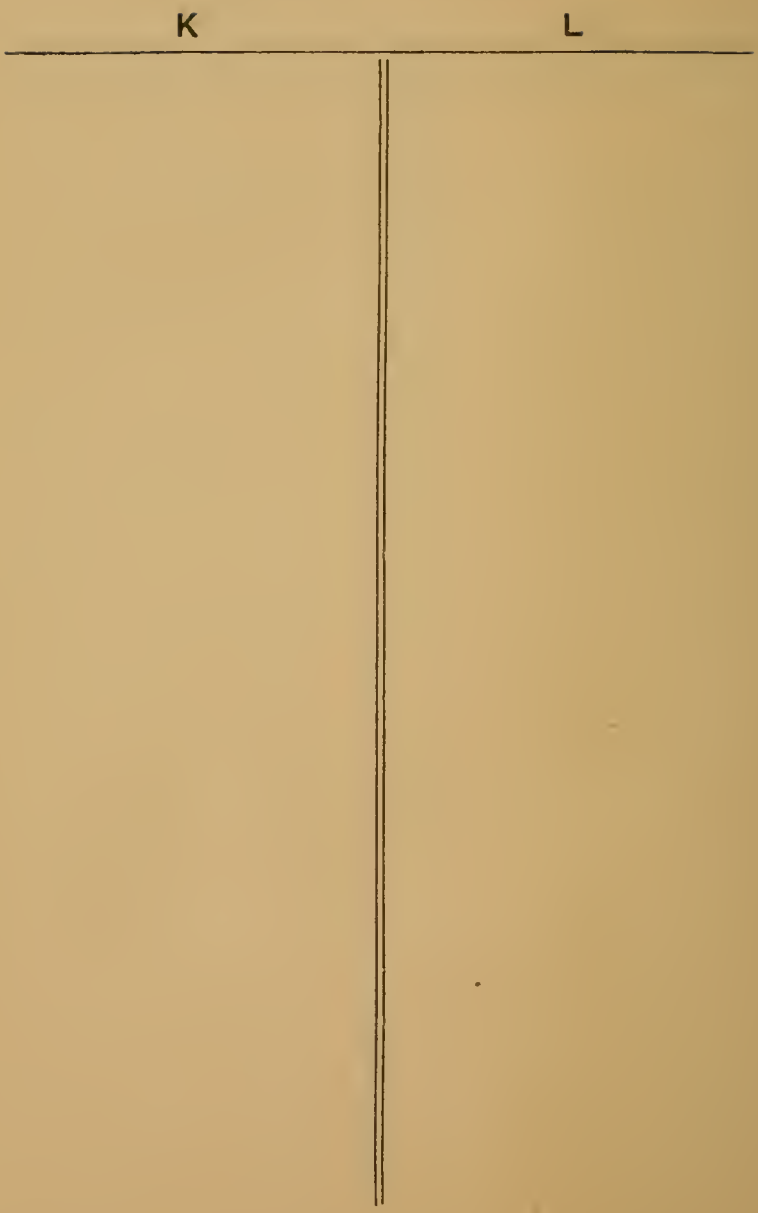
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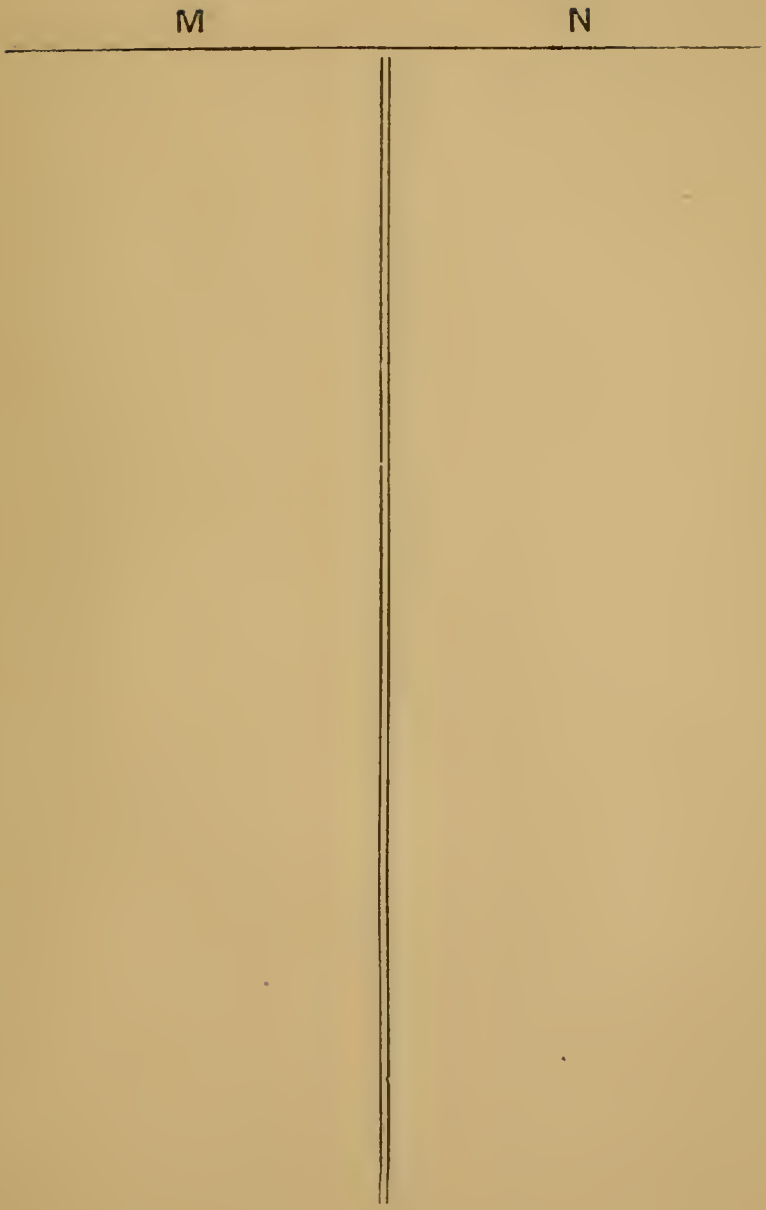
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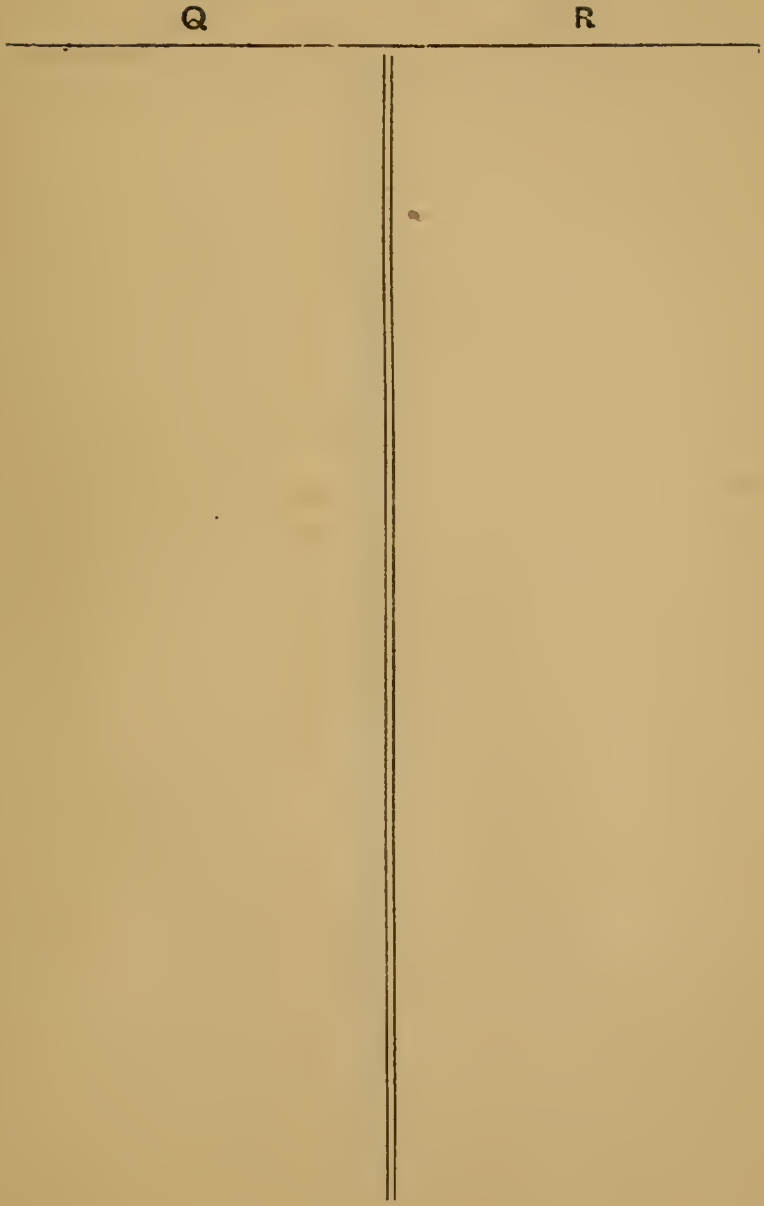
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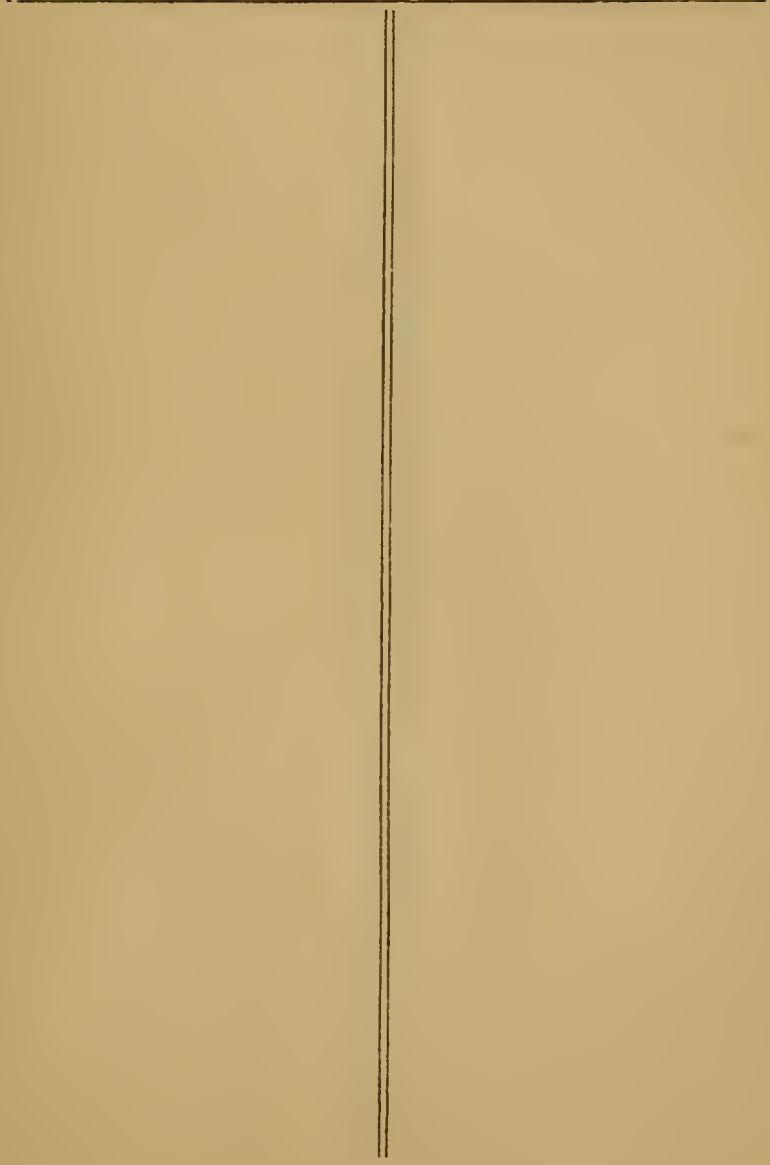

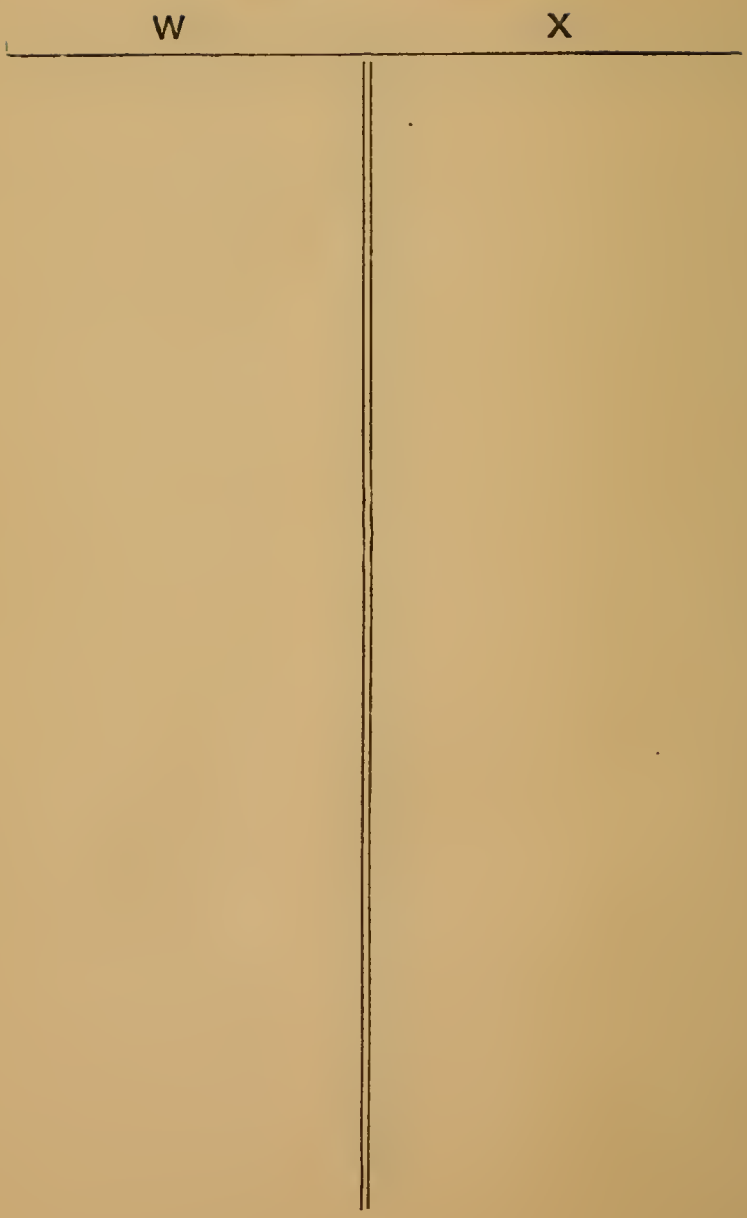
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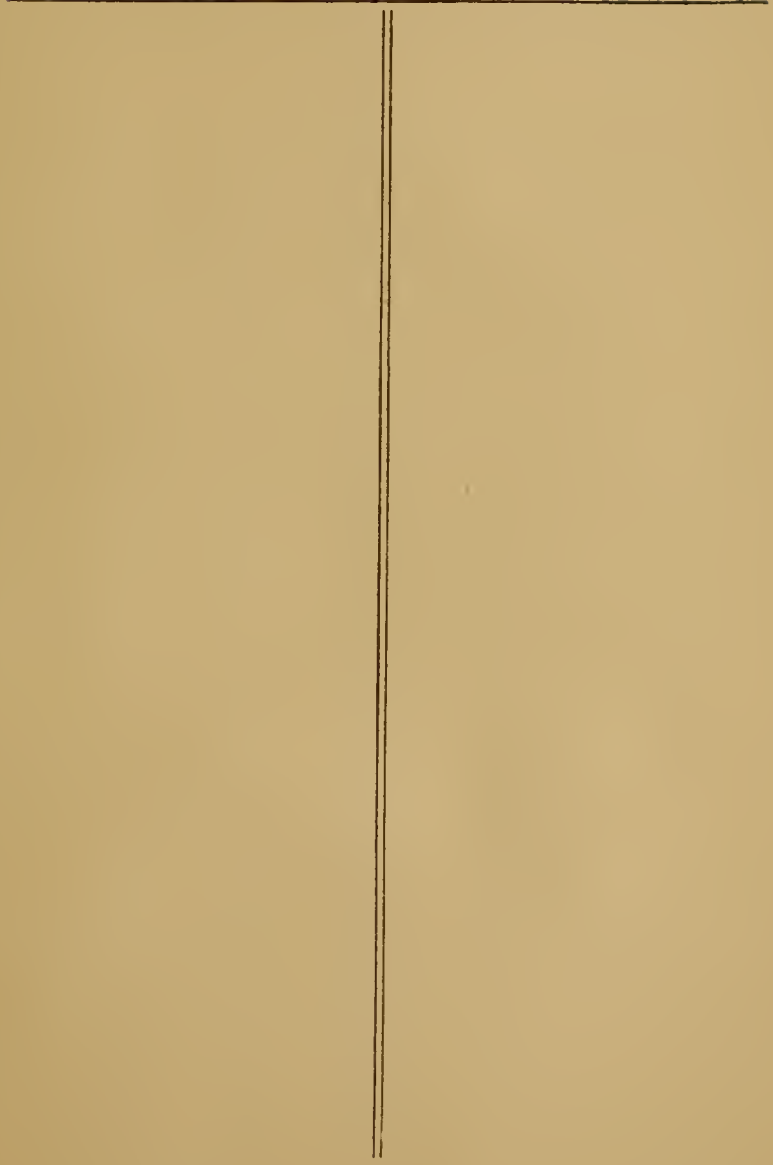

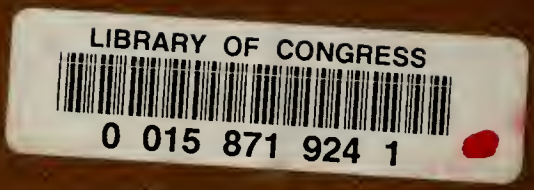
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